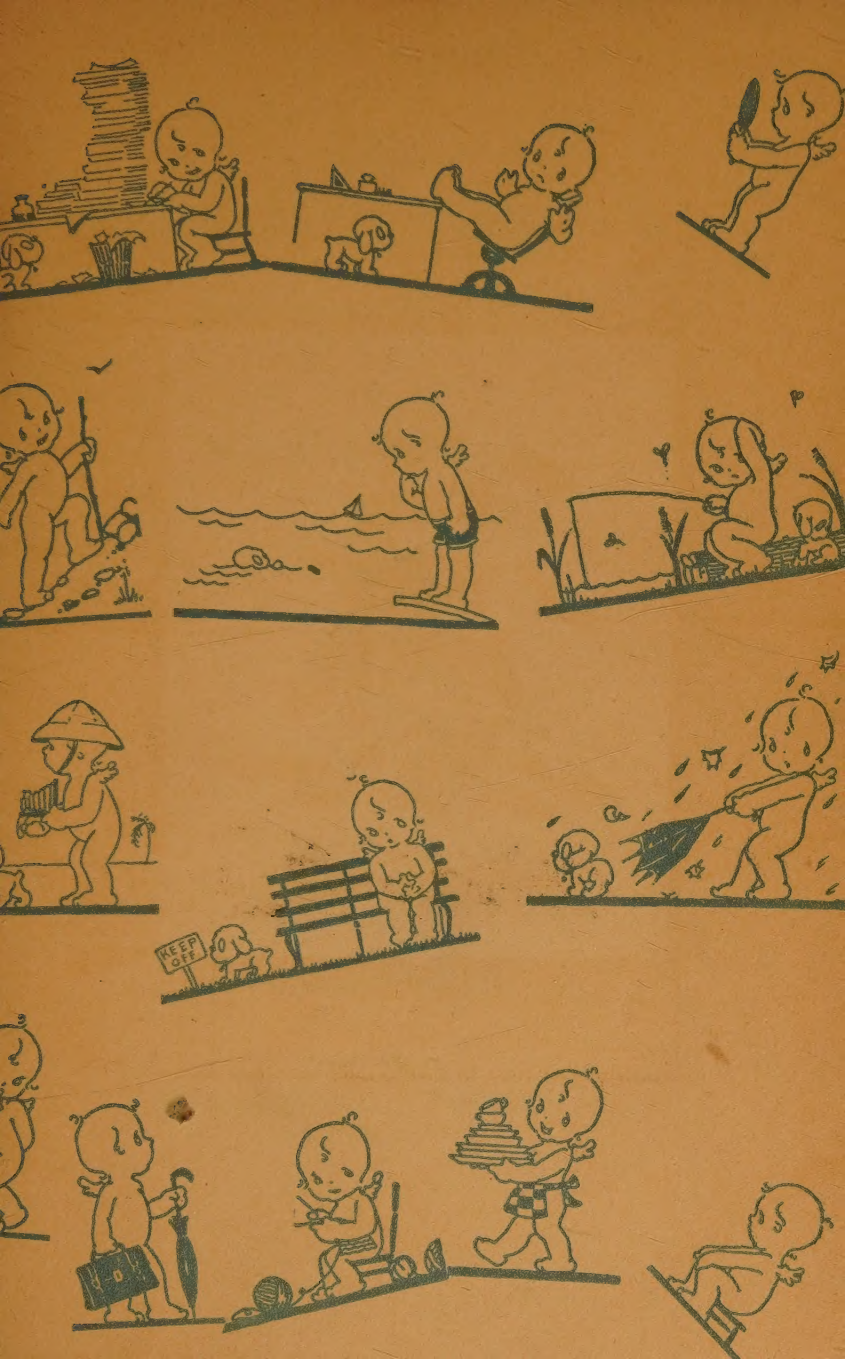
REBECCA McCANN

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

SECOND SERIES

Jeanne Cook
884-5417


KEEP OFF

The Cheerful Cherub

Second Series

by

Rebecca McCann

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THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

CULTURE

To read a book for
culture
I cannot keep
awake —
I never like the
classics
Excepting by
mistake.

ABANDON

In winter I am stern
and strong.
My thoughts are cold
and high.
My intellect is
thawing now —
Three cheers for
spring, say I!

BAFFLED

Life is most
mysterious,
But though it's hard
to see
A bit of reason for
it all
It means a lot
to me.

CALLOUSED

Misfortunes used to
shock me so
I felt surprised at
every fall —
But now I've grown
so used to them
They hardly
bother me
at all.

DELUSION

Those who feel their
sorrows deeply
Feel their joys more
keenly too,
And thus they live all
life with fervor —
At least they like
to think
they do.

EARLY BIRD

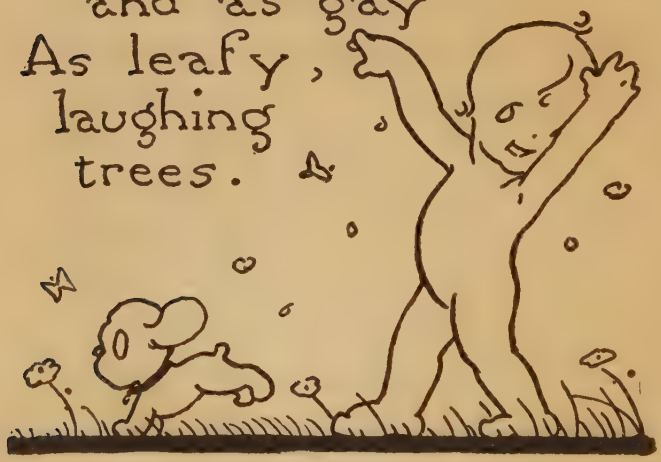
Hear the early birds
rejoicing —
How they twitter and
they sing!
While the early worm,
poor fellow,
Never says a single
thing.

FAÇADE

My great lack of wisdom
embarrassed me once
But at last I've acquired
more guile —
When a subject comes up
I know nothing about
I just smile a superior
smile.

GAIETY

I love to feel a
summer day
Blow past me with
the breeze
While I'm as lazy
and as gay
As leafy, laughing
trees.

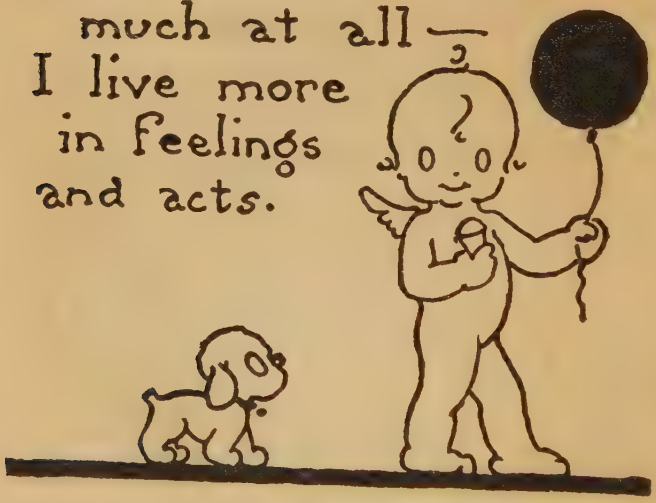


HANGOVER

After the banquet
last night
Such a nightmare I had
it still lingers —
And I sit in the wrong
kind of clothes
And clutch the wrong
fork in my
fingers!

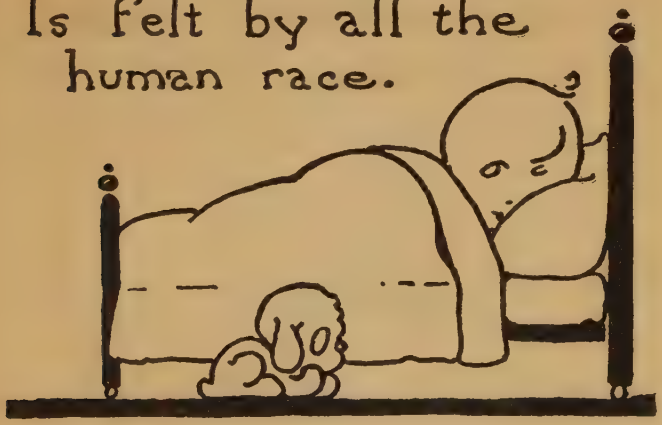
IGNORANCE

It's funny how little
I know.
My mind is quite
empty of facts.
I really don't think
much at all —
I live more
in feelings
and acts.



KINSHIP

It helps me when my
past misdeeds
Flock round and haunt
me with disgrace
To think this secret
sense of guilt
Is felt by all the
human race.



LAST STRAW

Sometimes life seems
so crushing
That I think my
strength will break.
Now some one's used
my inkwell
For an ash tray
by mistake.

MAIDS

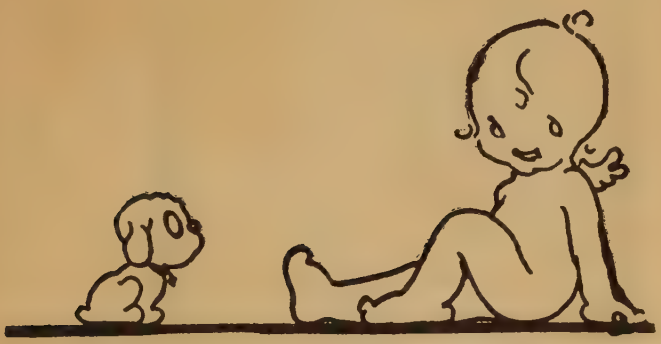
Big tragedies I nobly
face.
I think how fine and
brave it looks.
And yet I'm floored
by little things
Like missing cars
and losing
cooks.

NIGHTTIME

The warm days lightly
skim the earth
Like smiles upon a
face,
But night goes deeper,
to its heart,
A dark and
silent place.

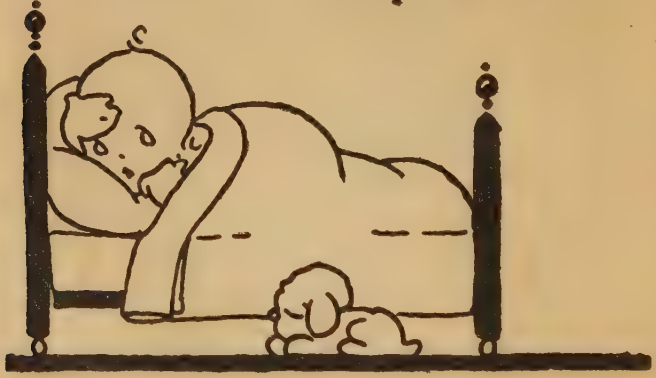
PARTNERS

I want to tell the
world
Whenever I am glad,
For happiness
unshared
Becomes a little
sad.



QUANDARY

Two questions ask
yourself
When worries cloud
your brow:
Is it something I can
help,
And can I help it now?

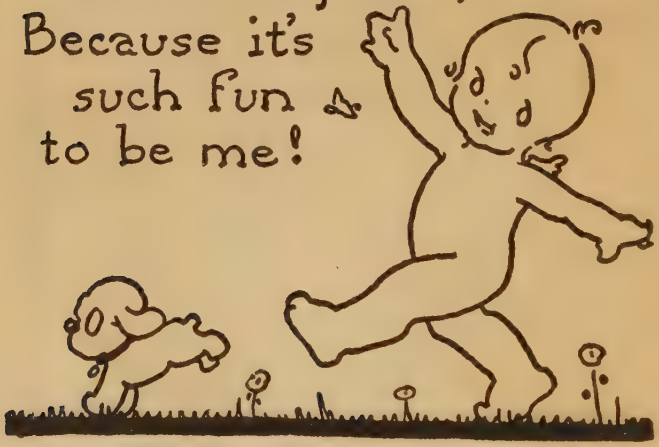


RADIO

How fast words go
by radio!
For miles the speaker's
loud voice reaches—
A great improvement
this might be
If only they'd improve
the speeches.

SATISFACTION

The least little thing
makes me happy today
In my mood of
unreasoning glee—
Oh my, but I'm glad that
I'm nobody else,
Because it's
such fun
to be me!



TARGET

I pounded my finger
instead of the nail,
Though I aimed, I am
sure, at its head.
The next time I try I'll
succeed without fail—
I'll aim at
my finger
instead.

UNTOUCHABLE

Sometimes I wish that
I could be
Like ladies in a
tapestry,
To turn my profile
to the race
And live
untouched
in languid
grace.

VALUES

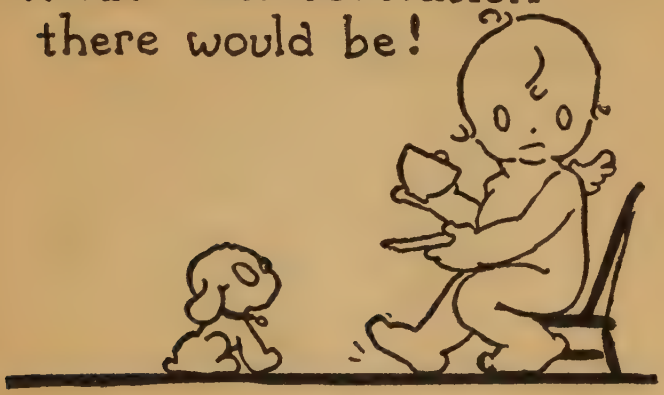
I love my cat and yet, alas,
He wants to eat my pet canaries.
What different aims we have in life—
I and my strange contemporaries.

WEALTH

I used to long for
worldly wealth
But though I'm
penniless today
I find since I've
revalued life
I'm really wealthy
anyway.

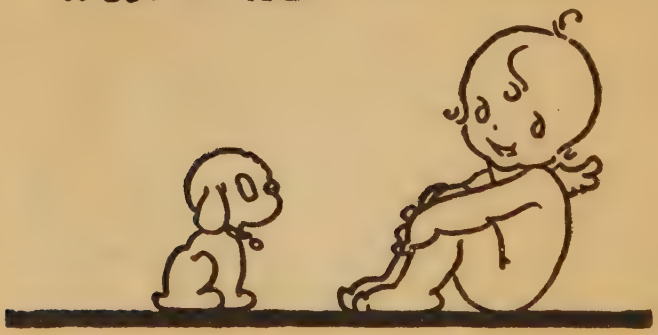
X-RAY

We congregate in
stylish groups
And smile and chatter
at a tea—
If we could see each
other's thoughts
What consternation
there would be!



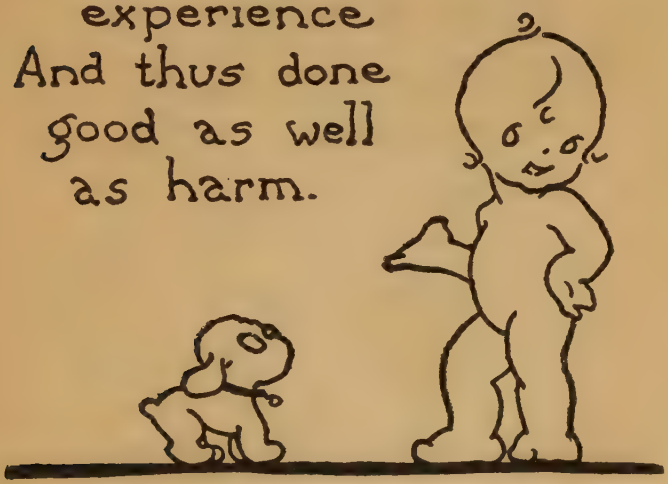
ACCOLADE

Alone I want to go
my ways.
I ask no help from
anyone —
But oh, I want a lot
of praise
For any work of mine
well done.



BALANCE

I can't regret my
many crimes
Though others view
them with alarm—
They've given me
experience
And thus done
good as well
as harm.



CAMOUFLAGE

Anger at another's
fault
I cannot honestly
condone —
It's nearly always
just a way
We turn attention
from our
own.

DESIGN

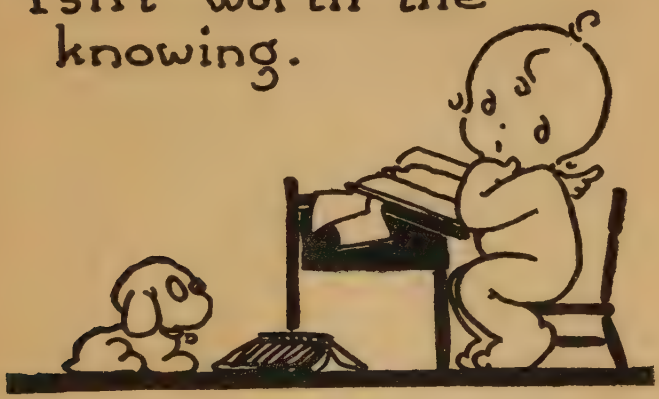
I make the texture
of my life.
Of raw materials I
weave it.
And light and dark
will blend, I hope,
In harmony, before
I leave it.

ECONOMY

It's easy to save
By refraining from
giving
But a generous
heart
Makes us richer in
living.

FACTS

Dull facts are dead
facts.
Truth is fresh and
growing —
Any fact that bores
me
Isn't worth the
knowing.



GIFT

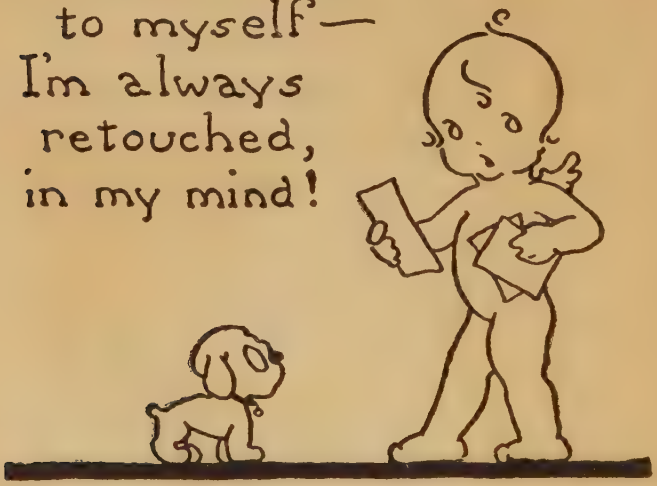
I bargained with life
for her gladness.
I pared down the price
in my thrift,
Until I discovered this
secret —
Life's gladness is
always a
gift.

HAPPINESS

The richest of men
I haven't a doubt
Counts his wealth
by the things
He is happy without.

IMAGINARY PORTRAIT

The proofs that
photographers send
Are much more
revealing than kind.
That's not how I look
to myself—
I'm always
retouched,
in my mind!



LAWS

Nature makes one set
of rules
For which she seems
to have just cause.
Then man, supremely
impudent,
Tries thwarting her
with little
laws.

MACHINE AGE

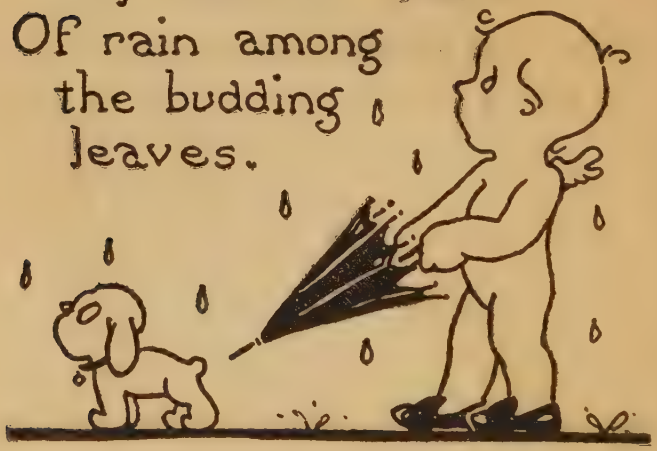
Inventions add more
speed to life:
Our words fly faster
through the air,
And ships and trains
and aeroplanes
All hurl us faster on—
but where?

NIRVANA

Nearly all the war
and woe
With which my days
I fill
I might so easily
escape
By simply keeping
still.

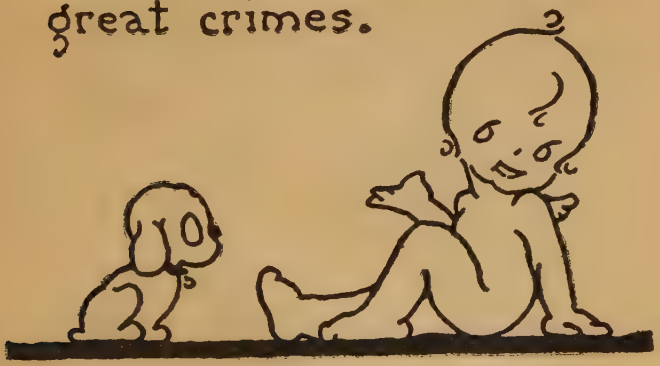
PASTORAL

I long to be in the
country now
Where birds are
building in the eaves,
To hear the soft
mysterious talk
Of rain among
the budding
leaves.



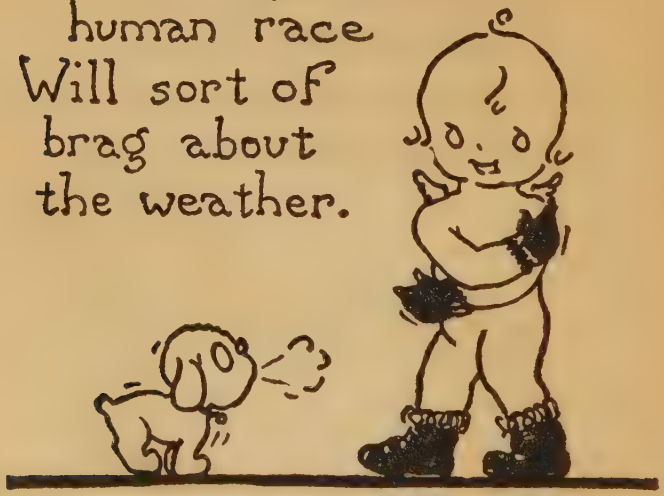
QUIET

When I have sternly
judged my friends
As I am moved to do
at times
I'm so embarrassed
afterwards
To contemplate my own
great crimes.



RAIN OR SUNSHINE

When days are much
too cold or hot
We talk about it
hours together —
It's funny how the
human race
Will sort of
brag about
the weather.



SEASON'S CHANGE

I've lived with weather
all my life
It seems there's nothing
else to do —
And yet it's one thing
in the world
I cannot get
accustomed to.

TEARS, IDLE TEARS

I think of woes I
might have had
At night until I
cannot sleep,
And feel so sorry for
myself
I'm really almost moved
to weep.

VANITATUM

When I gaze in the
looking glass lately, alas,
It's not my own face
that I see —
That I must grow older
like everyone else
Seems just too
surprising
to me.

WAITER

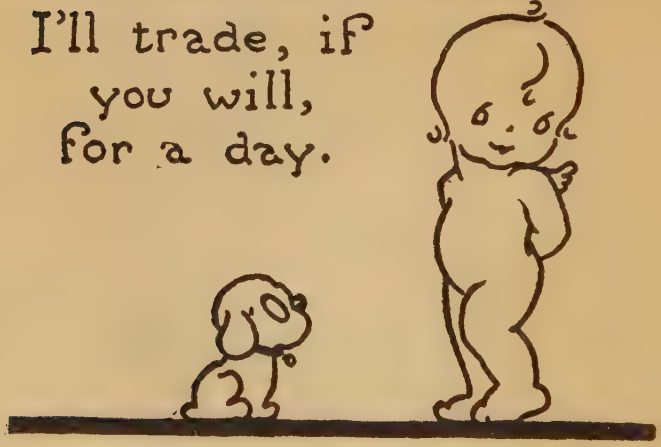
I love to find a waiter
kind
Who hides the haughty
way he feels
And treats me like an
equal, till
I quite enjoy my
humble meals.

ACQUAINTANCE

I simply long to travel,
To visit every place,
And meet the various
members
Of the only human
race.

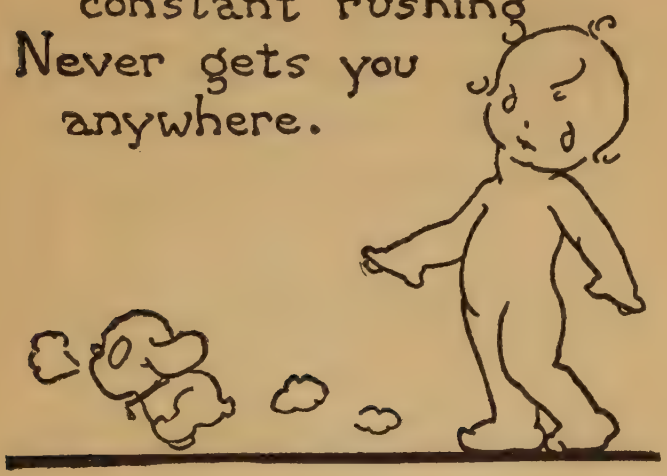
BARTER

I'd like to sample
other lives
And not keep on the
same old way.
Why can't we change
from time to time?
I'll trade, if
you will,
for a day.



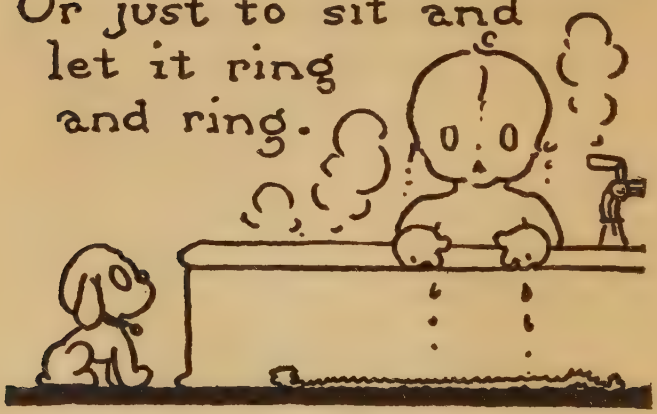
CAREFREE

Never hurry, never
worry,
Live with leisure,
grace and care—
For it's plain that
constant rushing
Never gets you
anywhere.



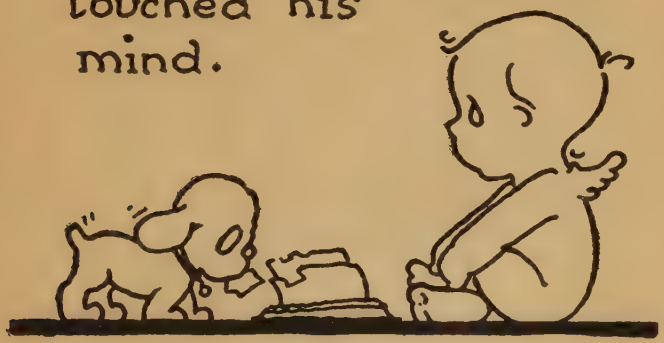
DILEMMA

To run or not to run —
that is the question.
Whether 'tis better from
the tub to spring,
And race all dripping at
the 'phone's loud ringing,
Or just to sit and
let it ring
and ring.



EDUCATION

I sometimes wish my
dog could read
But if he could perhaps
he'd find
A lot of things to worry
him
That now have never
touched his
mind.



FAILURE

It's not the things I
failed to do
That make me wipe
this eye —
It's things I should and
could have done
And simply failed
to try.

GOD'S ANGER

I'm always amused at
that grumbling sound
Of distant thunder
rolling around
And muttering threats
as if it hurled
A cosmic grouch
against the
world.

HAVEN

I'll build a tower in
my mind
Of all the beauty that
I know —
When life seems ugly
then I'll have
A high and secret
place to go.

IMMUNE

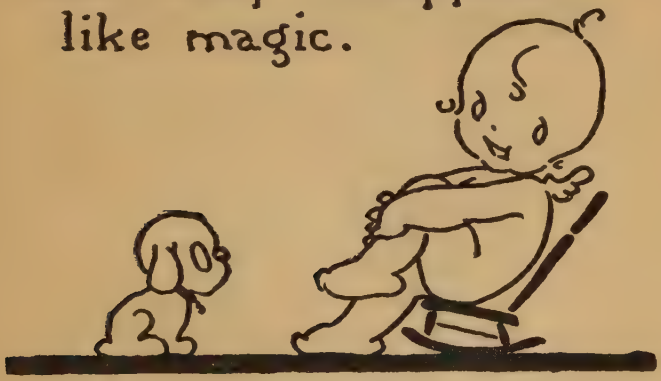
I covet not riches
Or fame high and
bright,
But I envy those
people
Mosquitoes don't bite.

LAZYBONES

I'd face my life with
strong brave heart
If I could have one
priceless boon —
That I might skip
these frosty dawns
And have my day
begin at
noon.

MAGIC

Life's little
irritations
At times seem
blackly tragic
But see them in
proportion
And they disappear
like magic.



NOT GUILTY

I overlook my past
mistakes,
Excuse them and
condone them —
Or, if they hurt my
self-esteem,
With firmness I
disown them.

PATTERNS

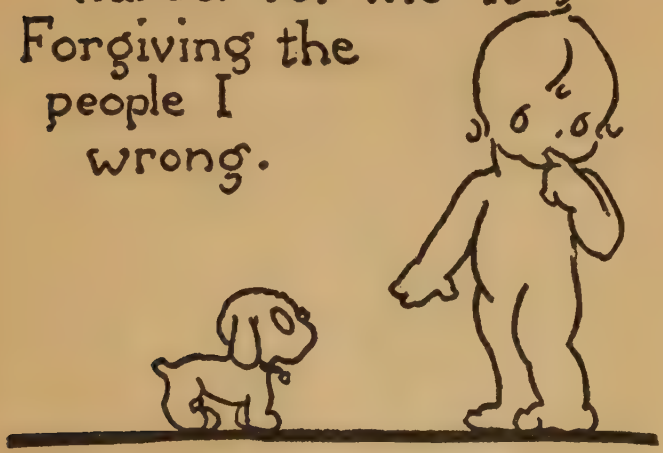
People's lives unwind
like ribbons,
Crisscrossed, common
with sublime,
Making strange and
colored patterns
On the grey
expanse of
Time.

REALITY

One-sided is a life
all joy
For sorrow also
plays a part —
I want to welcome
everything
That brings
life closer
to my heart.

SELF-CONSCIENCE

I pardon my enemies
gladly.
It makes me feel
noble and strong—
The thing that is
harder for me is
Forgiving the
people I
wrong.



TELLTALE

It's not my many
foolish deeds
On which I sadly
brood—
What's worse is that
I tell them all
In some expansive
mood.

VIEW

If its windows hold
a view
The smallest room
seems unconfined.
So, if my thoughts
range far and wide
No narrowness
can cramp
my mind.

ACTORS

My life which may
seem dull to most
To me is thrilling
every day —
We're all dramatic in
our minds
And live like
heroes in
a play.

BEAUTY

Like spangles on the
fabric
Of daily work and
duty
Are countless little
moments
Of evanescent
beauty.

CAROUSAL

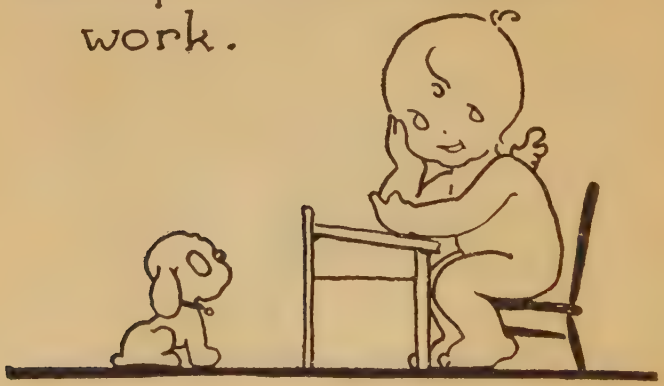
I'm weary of serious
sensible souls.
Be jolly and silly,
say I —
For life should be gay on
a world that just rolls
Like a merry-go-round
through
the sky.

DISHWASHING

Today I broke another
plate —
It quite delights me
now and then
To think there's one
at any rate
I'll never
have to
wash again.

EFFORT

My teachers criticise
me
And say I loaf and
shirk.
I'd do great things
to show them——
Except it's so much
work.

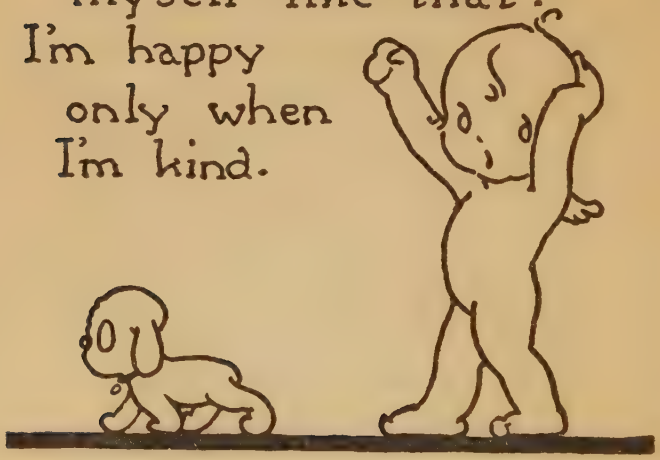


FAITH

Though groping through
illusions
I make my earnest
prayer
I'll never get beyond
them
And find there's
nothing
there.

GOODNESS

I know I'm often
cross and small
With thoughts like
sand burs in my mind.
Why will I treat
myself like that?
I'm happy
only when
I'm kind.



HEADS

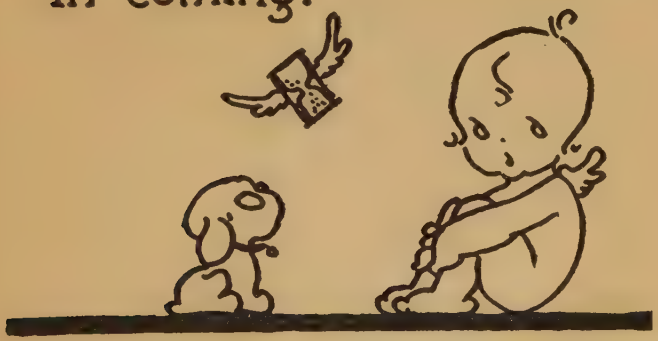
When we consider
Providence
We must admit it's
fair,
For some are given
brilliant minds
While some
have curly
hair.

IMPROVIDENCE

Ants are such dull
little insects,
Grubbing and saving
all day,
Butterflies never
can teach them
Life is for beauty
and play.

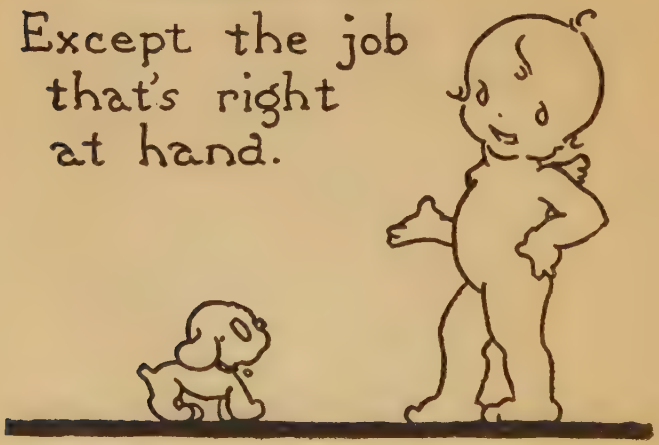
LEADEN FEET

As I grow old time flies
so fast
I almost hear it
humming——
It's very strange that
pay day though
Is just as slow
in coming.



MAÑANA

Ambition burns within
my heart.
I feel my powers
all expand—
There's nothing that
I wouldn't do
Except the job
that's right
at hand.

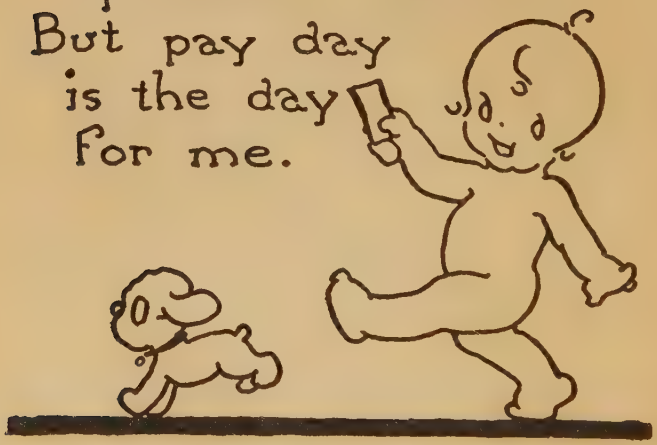


NOW

The past before I
came seems dull,
The distant future
grey and drear—
The only warm and
colored time
Is just the
time that
I'll be here.

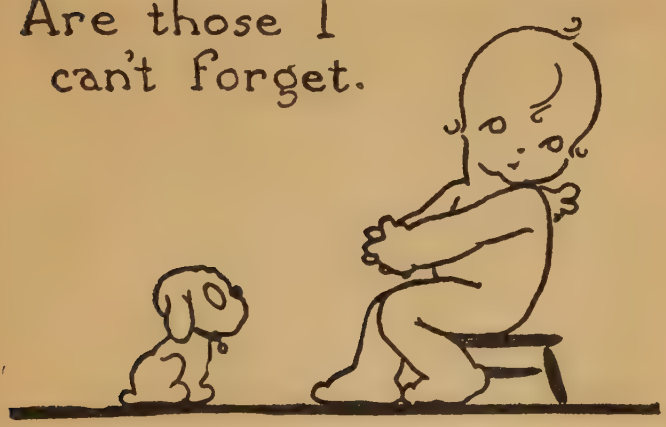
PAY DAY

Monday is the longest
day,
Saturday is filled
with glee,
Sunday has a
peaceful charm
But pay day
is the day
for me.



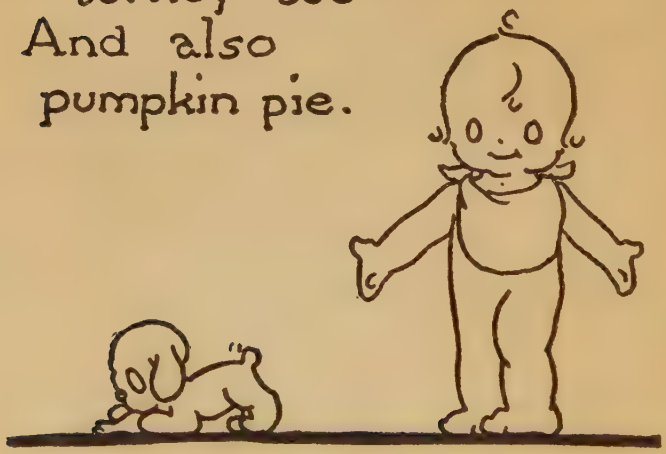
RECOLLECTION

The joys I've had and
lost
Don't cause me much
regret —
The joys that might
have been
Are those I
can't forget.



THANKSGIVING

I'm filled with gratitude
today
Though dark and
drear the sky,
Because I'm filled with
turkey too
And also
pumpkin pie.



VITAMINES

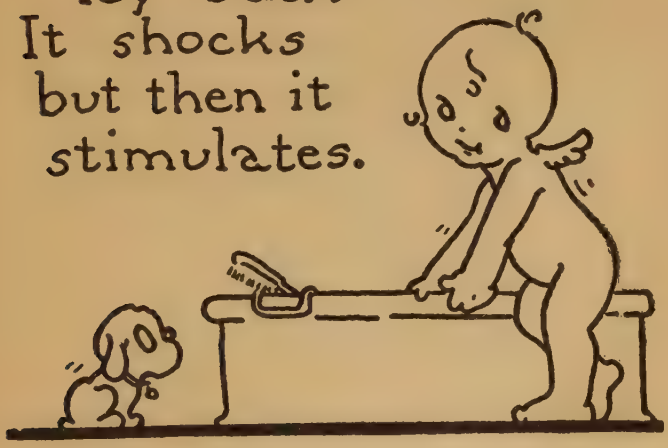
How joyfully I used
to eat!
No more such rapture
o'er me steals—
Now vitamines and
calories
Conpose my spare and
studied meals.

WEARINESS

I feel so weary in the
spring.
I long for nothing
but to rest.
It's lucky I am not
a bird —
I'd never build
myself
a nest.

ADVENTURE

I like to take a
reckless step
Defying gaily all
the fates —
Like plunging in an
icy bath
It shocks
but then it
stimulates.

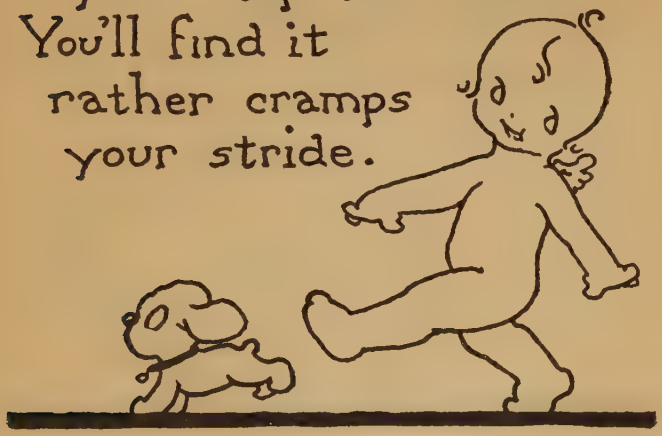


BLISS

When I try to hold
my joy
It often turns to
woe,
For gladness, I should
realize
Must freely
come and go.

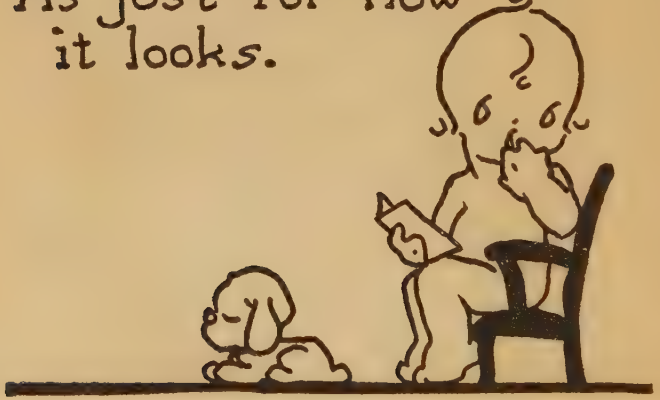
CAUTION

Though caution is a
help I know
Don't let it be your
only guide
For when you watch
your step too much
You'll find it
rather cramps
your stride.



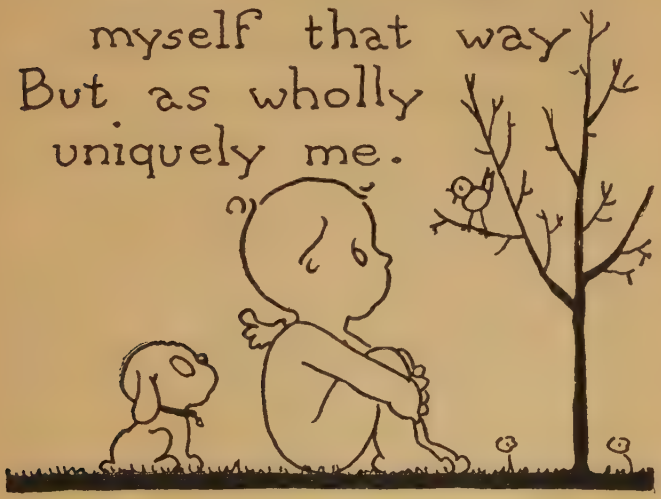
DISPLAY

I go to heavy
concerts
And study heavy
books
But not so much for
pleasure
As just for how
it looks.



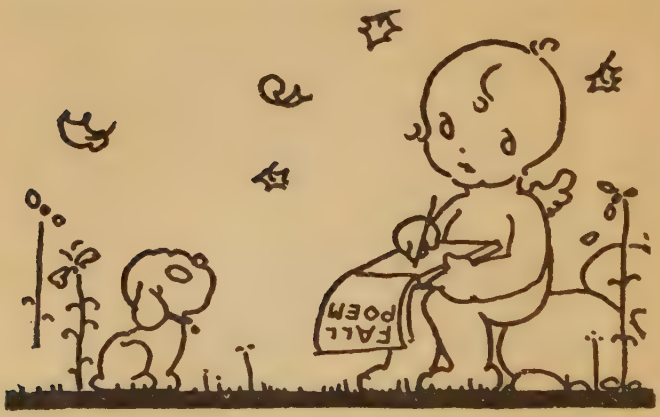
EGO

Although I grow from
the human race
As a twig from the
parent tree
I never can think of
myself that way
But as wholly
uniquely me.



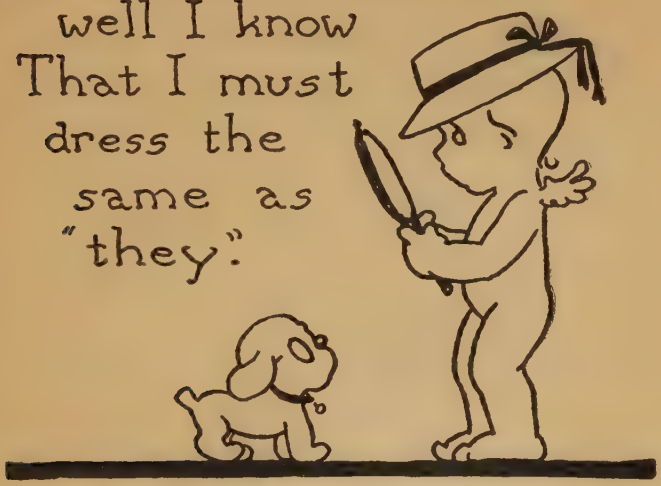
FALL POEM

Now the leaves are
falling,
Grey the autumn skies,
Southward geese are
calling,
Perish countless flies.



GOOSE-STEP

When I object to
styles I see
"That's what they're
wearing," salesmen say,
And then I buy for
well I know
That I must
dress the
same as
"they."



HEALTH

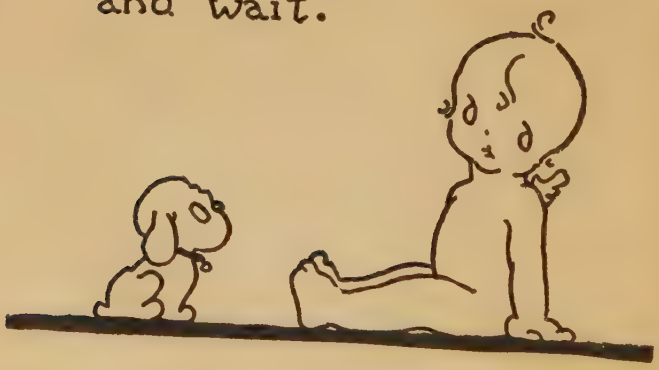
Whene'er I have a
tragic woe
I feel I should be
thin and white.
I never look the part
I know——
I cannot lose my
appetite.

INDIFFERENCE

Though life is sometimes
sad and hard
Because it's life I
love it.
I've noticed woe will
often go
If I just say,
"What of it?"

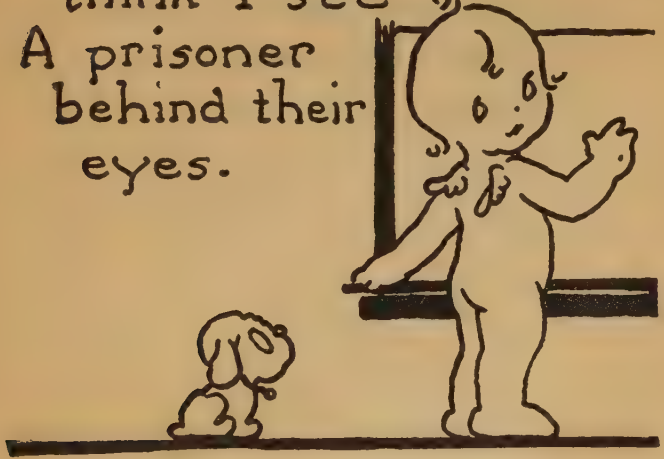
LIGHT OCCUPATION

The joys fate means
for me will come
And yet I'm here to
state
The hardest thing I
ever did
Was just to sit
and wait.



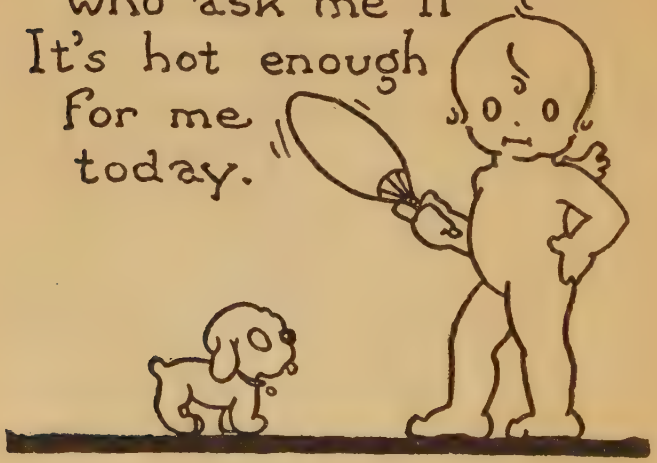
MASKS

Along the street the
people walk.
They look complacent,
free and wise —
And yet I sometimes
think I see
A prisoner
behind their
eyes.



PESTS

Upon the growing list
of those
I soon shall have to
rise and slay
Are countless souls
who ask me if
It's hot enough
for me
today.



RECOMPENSE

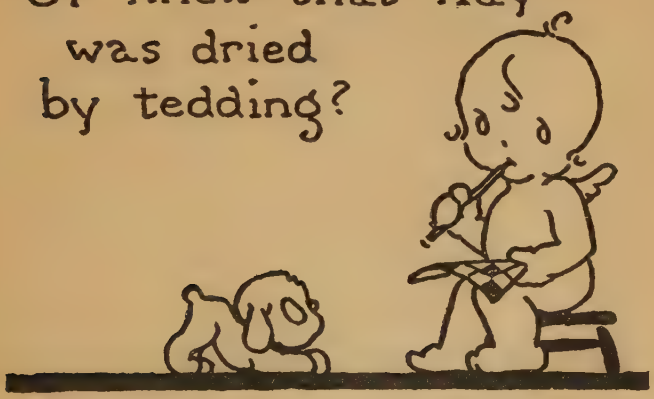
Virtue is its own
reward,
But just to make life
pleasant
When I've been good
or labored hard
I buy myself
a present.

THAWS

The spring that melts
the snow
And frees the frozen
streams
Melts too my winter's
woe
And helps me grow
new dreams.

VOCABULARY

Cross word puzzles
broaden one
Although they're far
from easy sledding—
Who ever thought of
Ra before
Or knew that hay
was dried
by tedding?

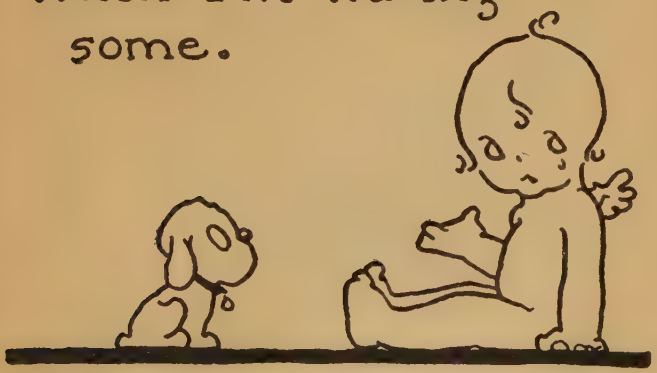


WEAVER

I take a star, the
scent of rain,
A bird song light as
bubbles —
With these I weave
a shining veil
And cover up
my troubles.

ADVERSITY

Though troubles help
to make us strong
Every time they
come,
I find it hard to
think of this
When I'm having
some.

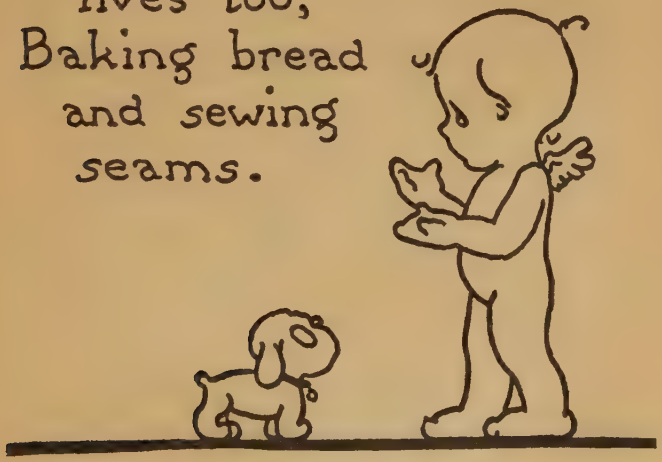


CHARITY

My many mean and
wicked deeds
At least have made
me see
I surely should forgive
the world
For what
it does
to me.

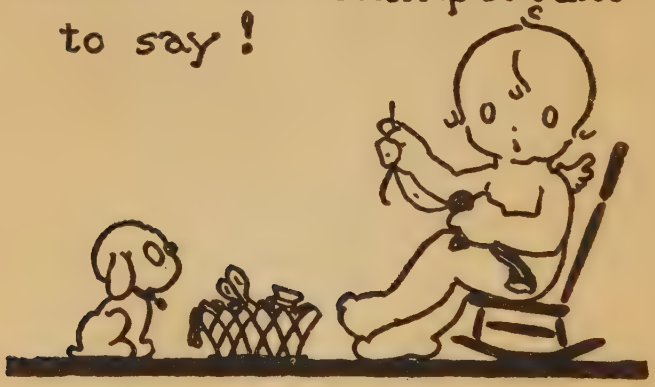
DOMESTIC

Hands of artists bring
us beauty,
Giving form and sound
to dreams —
Other hands enrich our
lives too,
Baking bread
and sewing
seams.



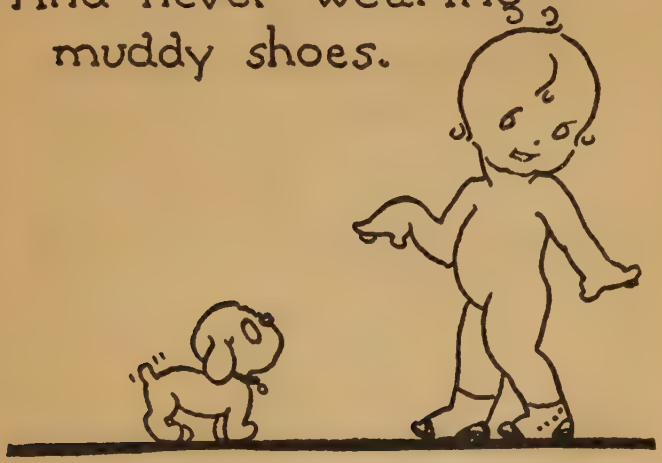
EGOTISM

Though I'm constantly
railing at bores
It dawned on me only
today
That nothing I think of
myself
Seems too unimportant
to say!



FANCY

In my fancy I appear
Well-groomed and
kindly and sincere,
Never holding spiteful
views
And never wearing
muddy shoes.

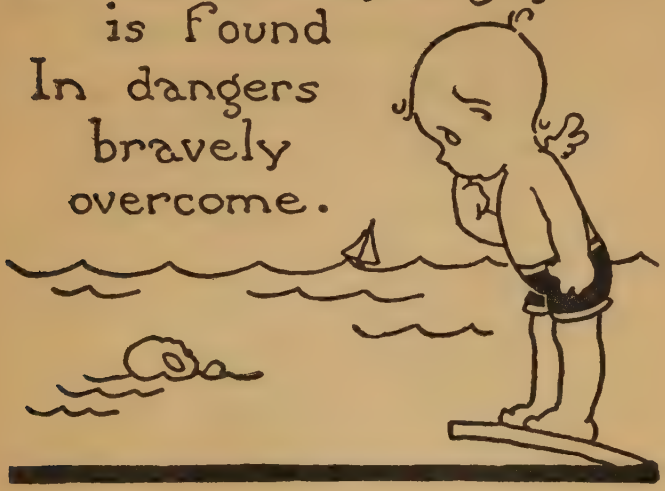


GOSSIP

The bees go humming
about their work
Like fat old women—
I think they're funny—
They grumble away about
practical things
And complain of the very
poor grade
of honey.

HERO

Although a safe
contented life
Brings peace and
happiness to some
A wilder deeper joy
is found
In dangers
bravely
overcome.

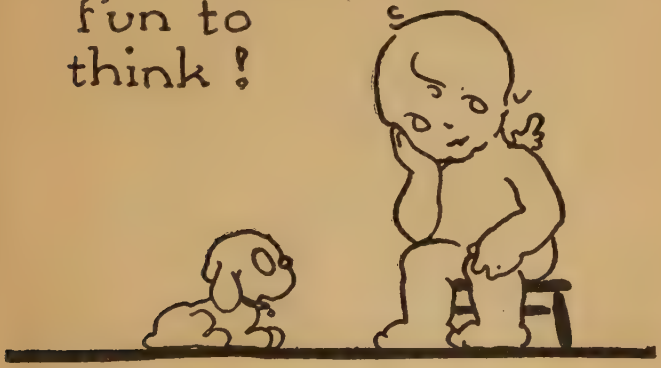


INDIFFERENTLY BAD

First I'm bad and then
I'm good
I thus relieve the
tedium —
And if I add my two
extremes
I strike a happy
medium.

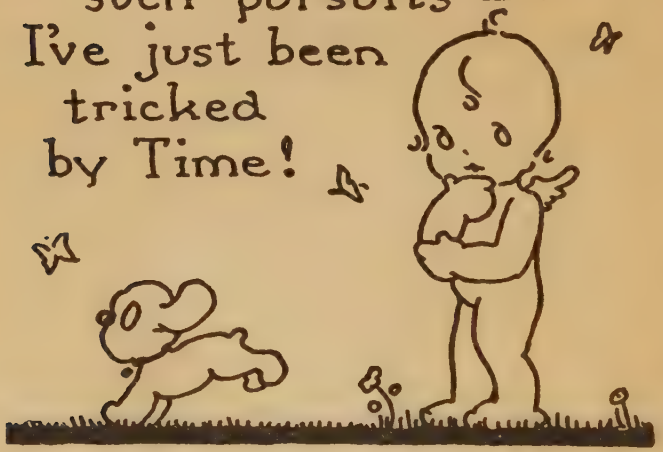
LINKS

The daily chain of
circumstance
And all my thoughts
so interlink
And each affects the
other so —
I think it's lots of
fun to
think!



MATURITY

I used to roller-skate
in spring.
Tall trees I used
to climb.
I wasn't through with
such pursuits —
I've just been
tricked
by Time!



PET AVERSION

My aversion to work
is so great
That when I'm at last
forced to do it
I really work harder
than most
I hurry so fast to get
through it.

REFORM

I like myself the
way I am.
Of faults I've more
than one.
If anyone reformed
me though
I'd miss
a lot
of fun.

SELF-ESTEEM

The men whose wisdom
I esteem,
Whose words I rate
most high,
Are nearly always
just the ones
Who think the same
as I.

SPACE

The world is wide; on every side
New wonders we can find —
And yet for each man space extends
No farther than his mind.

THEATRE

Just before a thunder
storm
The outdoors has a
yellow glow,
Unreal and so theatrical
I feel like some one
in a show.

WHAT OF IT?

Every word we say is
said forever.
Our smallest deed
can never be undone.
A solemn thought, yet
after all, what of it?—
There's no use
letting that
spoil all
our fun!

AFFECTATION

Whene'er I say
tomāto,
In syllables staccato
The proud and
haughty waitress
Repeats the word
tomato.

BLOSSOMS

The breeze goes
trailing carelessly
For miles along the
ground.
A lovely, fragrant,
filmy scarf
It weaves of scent
and sound.

CHATTER

The simplest social
call will bring
Engagements filling
time and space —
Oh, where on earth
can I escape
The always-talking
human
race!

COMPENSATION

Joy as well as woe
All of life composes—
If every rose has
thorns
At least most thorns
have roses.

DRAMA

I walk through my
days like an actor
Who dresses and
gestures a part,
And only at times show
the stranger
Who lonesomely
lives in my
heart.

EINSTEIN

When I relinquish
thoughts of wealth
And quit its blind and
futile chase,
Freed from possessing
little things,
I'll own instead
all time,
all space.

FATE

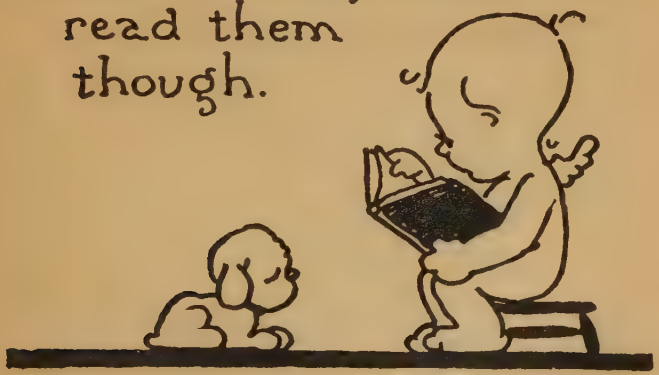
I sometimes think my
life will be
And has been since
my birth
A war my little ego
fights
With everything
on earth.

GRACEFUL WEAKNESS

I lack decision in my
life —
Well, if I can't be
firm and strong,
Like wind-blown flowers
I'll bow with grace
To any fate
that comes
along.

HIGHBROW

I read the deepest
books there are.
They never help me
much I know.
My mind can't hold so
many facts ——
I like to say I've
read them
though.



INERTIA

With songs the
energetic birds
All greet the break
of day —
I certainly would give
a lot
If I could feel
that way.

LOAFING

The joy of a day's
work done
Is a joy that I
have tasted —
But better than that
I like
The joy of a day
well wasted.

METAPHYSICS

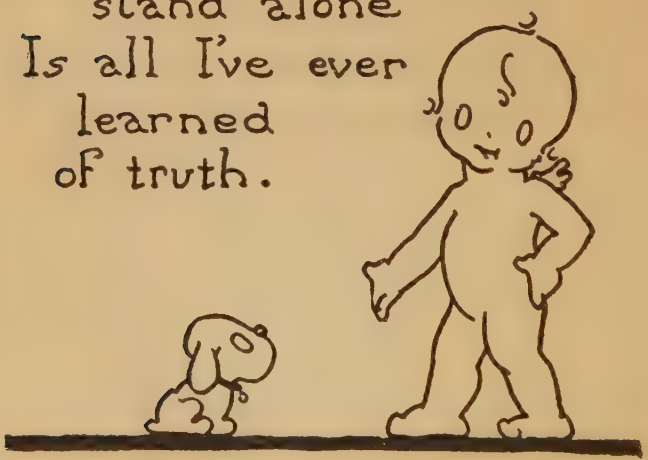
I sit and think 'midst
toil and strife
My abstract, sweeping
thoughts on life.
My mind is much too
vague and grand
To cope with problems
near at
hand.

ORATOR

I love to talk about
myself
And bask in public
admiration——
Although I'm not so
grand in life
I'm glorified in
conversation.

PHILOSOPHY

Each strange and new
philosophy
I studied hopefully in
youth.
That every man must
stand alone
Is all I've ever
learned
of truth.

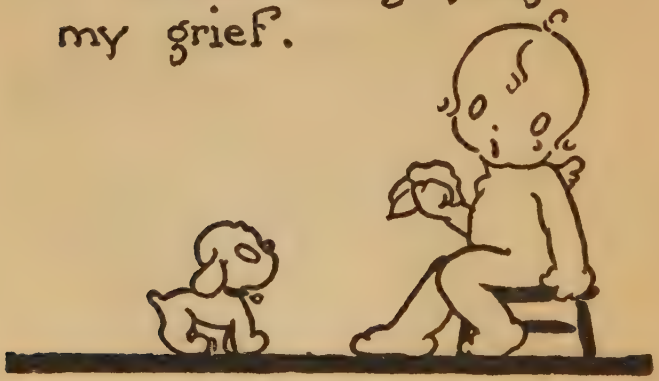


REJUVENATION

When I long for a change
and can't travel
There are plenty of
things I can do
Such as getting a new
kind of haircut
Or even a new
point of view.

SELF-PITY

I hate to be pitied
by friends
Yet at times, though
it passes belief,
I pity myself to the
point
Of almost enjoying
my grief.



SPORT

I'll try to take the
blows of fate
With robust strength
and glee,
And simply laugh and
say, "All right —
This time
the joke's
on me."

THEORY

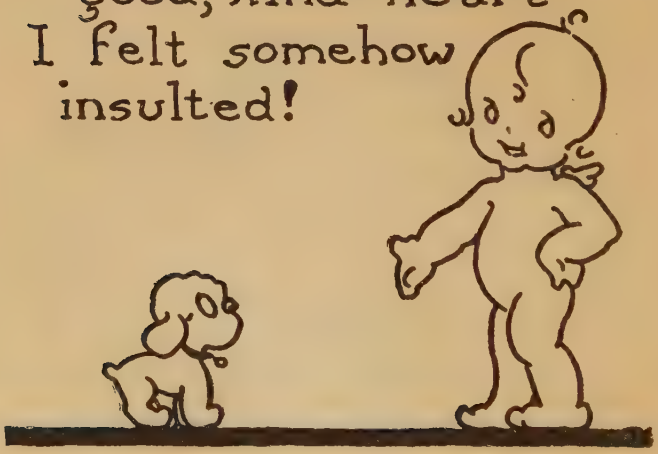
I study new philosophies
But always feel when-
e'er I read them
They cannot help me
if I'm weak
And if I'm strong
I'll never
need them.

WHITE LIE

I'm always honest
with my friends
And look them squarely
in the eye——
And yet, alas, I
cannot say
I've never told
myself
a lie.

AFFRONT

Although in doing
worthy deeds
I've always quite
exulted,
When told I had a
good, kind heart
I felt somehow
insulted!

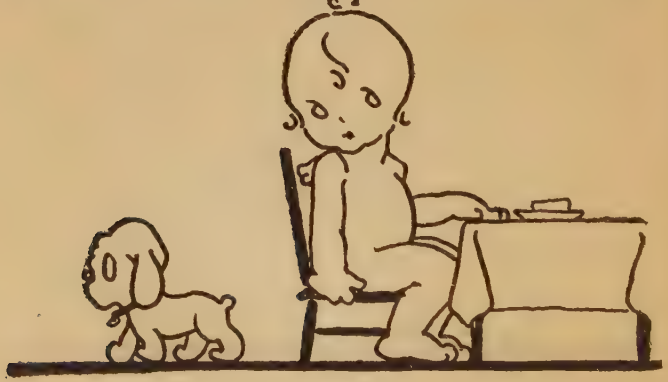


BREAKFAST

The happy singing of
the lark
Inspires many a poet's
pen —
Let this then be a
simple ode
To praise the
good, hard-
working hen.

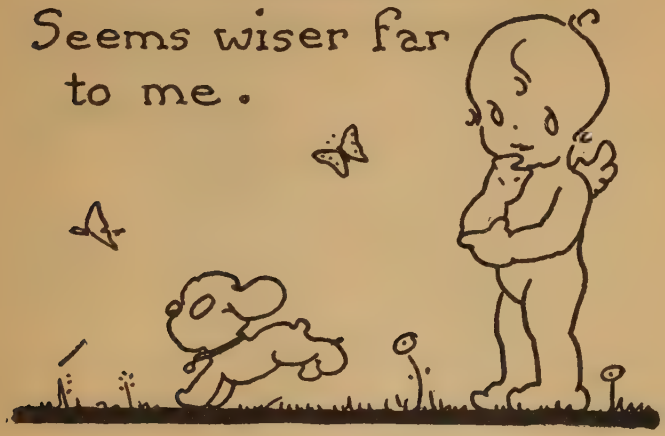
CHEESE

Although for years
expensive cheese
In secret I have
hated
I eat it with
pretended ease
To seem sophisticated.



COMPROMISE

Some lives are thwarted
so by rules
They can't be glad
and free —
To make our rules suit
life instead
Seems wiser far
to me.

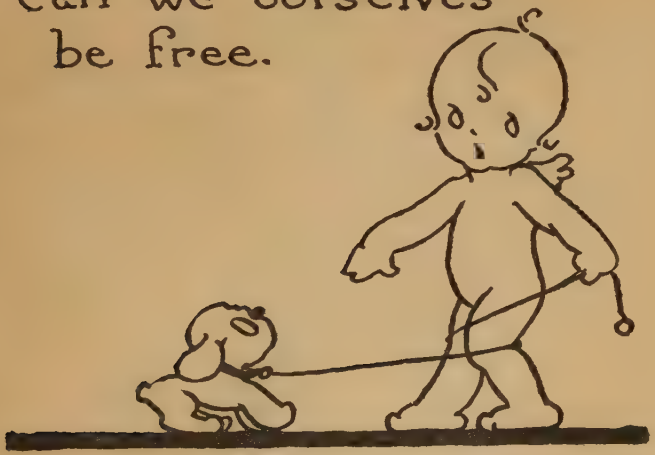


DREAMS

Through my saddest,
blackest mood,
Small and very far
I see my future
happiness
Shining like
a star.

EMANCIPATION

I sometimes try to
manage other people
Till suddenly I see
That only when we give
each other freedom
Can we ourselves
be free.



FAT-HEAD

My mind is something
like a seive —
Though lots of facts
run through it
I find when I
examine it
That very few
stick to it.

FOOD

When work seems
rather dull to me
And life is not so
sweet
One thing at least can
bring me joy —
I simply love
to eat!

GREATNESS

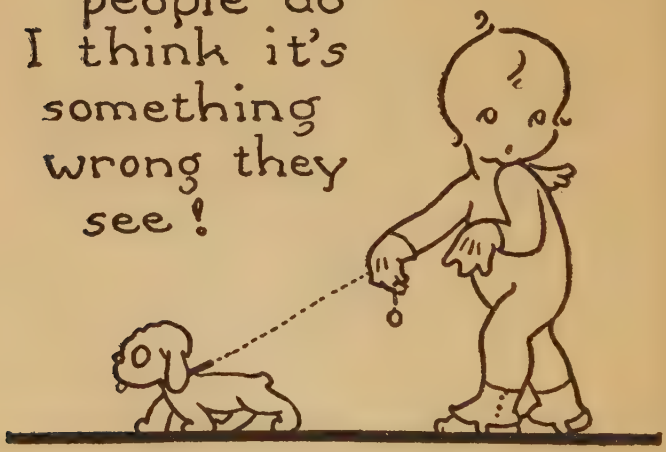
City of the soaring
heights,
Of crystal, steel and
flashing lights,
Can it possibly be true
That little men
like us
made you?

HILLTOP

With all this lovely
time and space
Around me everywhere
Why should I clutter
up my life
With hurry,
toil and
care.

INFERIORITY

I'd like to be so
beautiful
That people always
stared at me
But, as it is, if
people do
I think it's
something
wrong they
see!



LOGIC

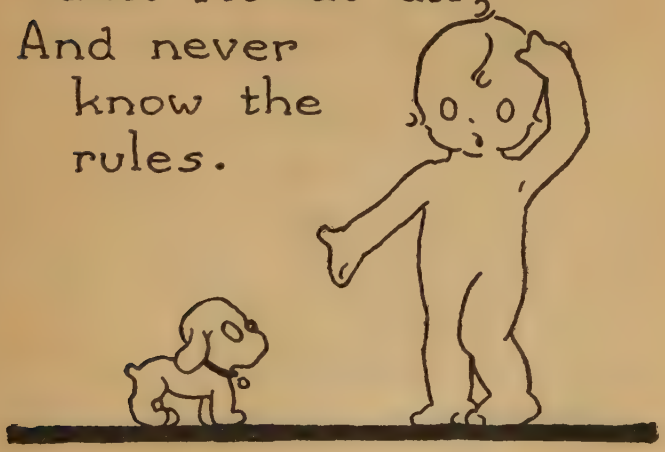
In all the things I
do in life
The way that others
view them
Should matter not as
much to me
As reasons why I
do them.

MICROSCOPE

Sitting far above the
town
High in a window,
looking down,
I sometimes see with
quite a jar
How much like
little bugs
we are!

OUTCAST

Some people seem at
ease in life.
Like fish they move
in schools —
While some, like me,
don't fit at all,
And never
know the
rules.



PICNIC

I like to picnic in
the woods.
It broadens me I
find —
It's one time I can
eat an ant
And really hardly
mind.

PRETENSION

Most all the money
that I earn
By truly superhuman
labors
Goes not for things
for which I yearn
But just for
things to show
my neighbors.

RELATIVE

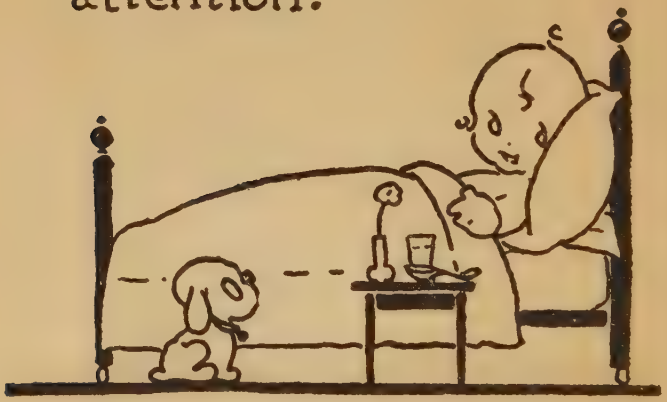
I ought to judge my
neighbors' deeds
With never-failing
charity —
My own intentions and
my acts
Show such a great
disparity.

SENSE OF HUMOR

Although I suffer tragic
woe
And weep and wail and
almost die
In one small corner of
my mind
I laugh a little
on the sly.

SPOTLIGHT

Although I'm really
far from well
I feel no apprehension.
It's one sure way
that I can be
The center of
attention.

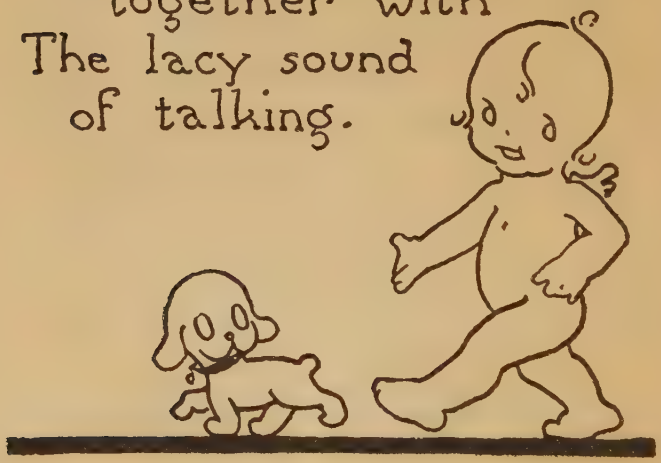


THERMOMETER

I moan about the
heat
And wish that it
would go—
I feel a sort of pride,
When it breaks
a record
though.

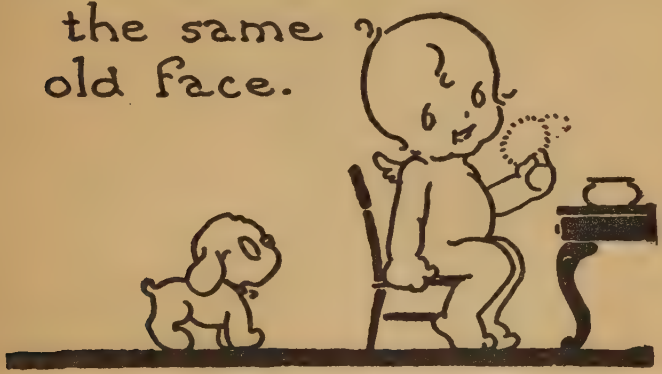
WORDS

Words embroider all
we do —
Playing, working,
walking,
We weave our lives
together with
The lacy sound
of talking.



AGE

Although I might earn
wealth and fame
And win a high and
honored place
I can't achieve my one
great aim—
I'll have to keep
the same
old face.



BUBBLES

I think such grand and
noble thoughts
On how my life should
go —
Why is it when I try
them out
They always dwindle
so?

CHEF

Musicians win both
wealth and fame
With tremolos and
quavers —
Why are not cooks
immortalized
For symphonies
in flavors?

CONFIDENCE

It's not my many
foolish crimes
That fill me with
regret —
It's just that I've
confided them
To friends who can't
forget.

DULLNESS

If you call the world
dull
You will maybe find
out
It is really yourself
You are talking
about.

ENNUI

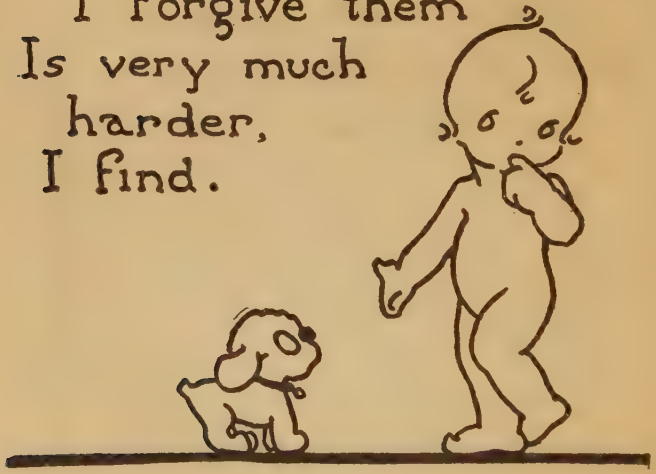
The only times that
I am bored
And wearily complaining
Are those when I
myself, I find,
Am far from
entertaining.

FAUCETS

The faucet leaks a
single drop
And like a tiny
wakeful bird
It chirps and tinkles
through the night
The smallest song I
ever heard.

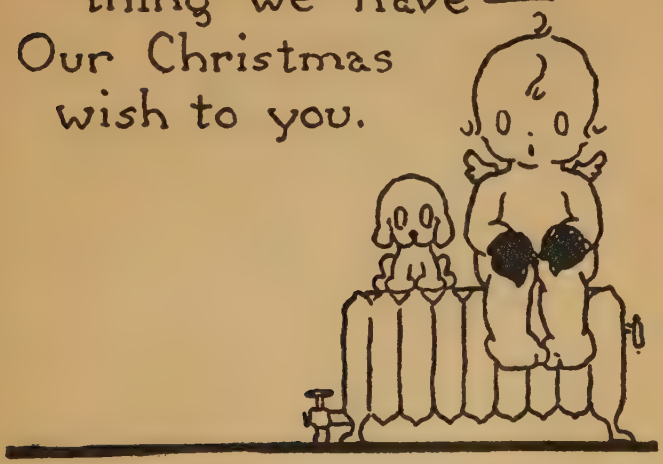
FORGIVENESS

I forgive all my
enemies nobly
Because I'm so gentle
and kind —
But to let them forget
I forgive them
Is very much
harder,
I find.



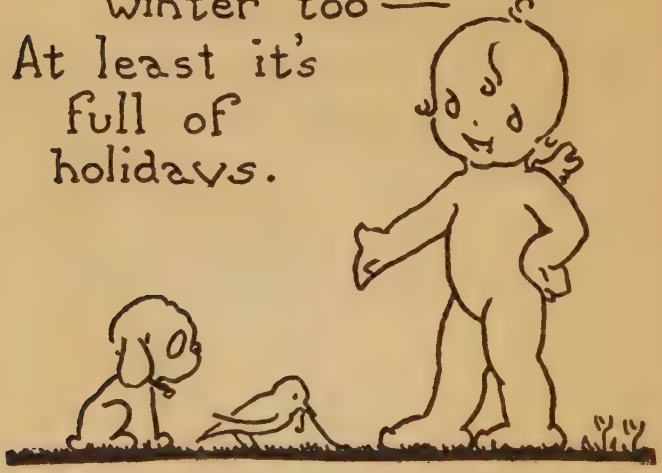
GREETINGS

From our chilly, little
home
With lips and noses
blue
We send the warmest
thing we have —
Our Christmas
wish to you.



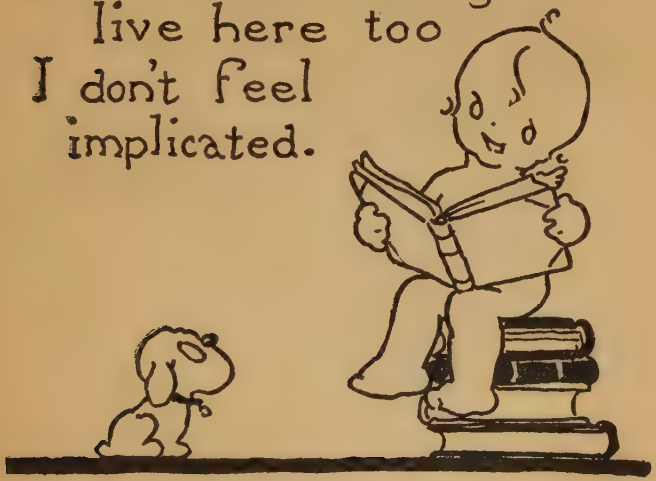
HOLIDAYS

Poets now all welcome
spring
While winter leaves
with scanty praise,
Yet give a thought to
winter too —
At least it's
full of
holidays.



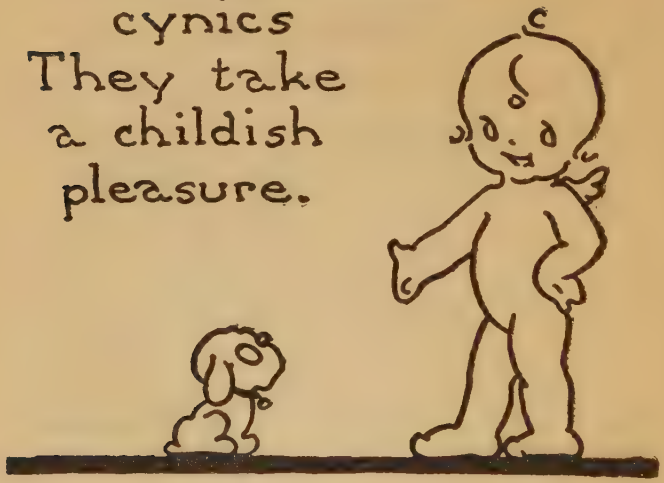
INNOCENCE

The history of all the
world
With war and greed is
weighted,
But somehow though I
live here too
I don't feel
implicated.



LONG PANTS

The wisdom of the
youthful
It's hard indeed to
measure ——
In being bitter
cynics
They take
a childish
pleasure.

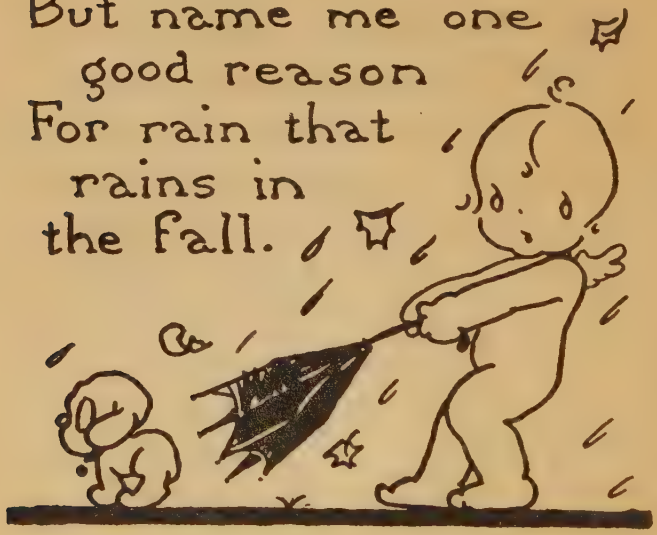


MIRROR

I hate to look at
pictures of myself.
I hold them yards away
and squint my eyes,
And yet they show a
most disastrous face—
I won't believe
the camera
never lies.

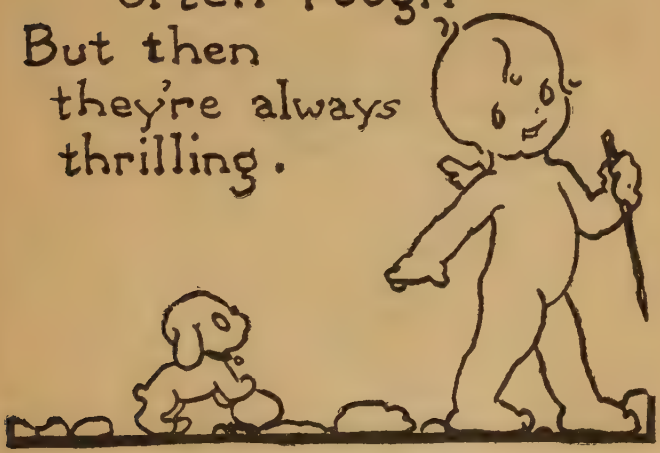
OUT OF SEASON

The rain that rains
in the springtime
Brings violets, you
recall —
But name me one
good reason
For rain that
rains in
the fall.



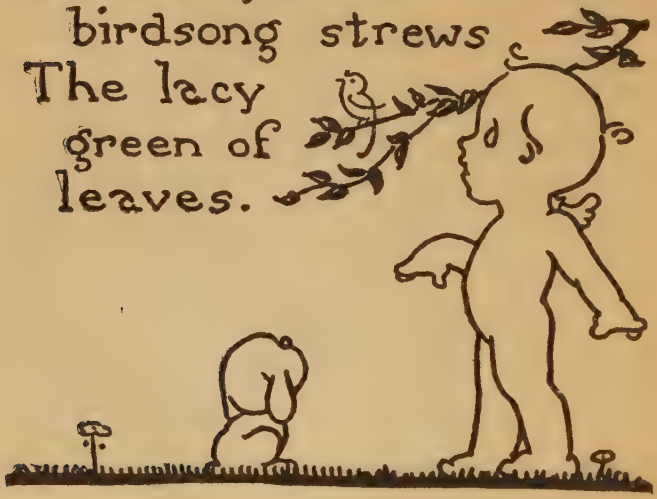
PIONEER

To live my life
convention-bound
I never could be
willing—
Untraveled roads are
often rough
But then
they're always
thrilling.



PRIMAVERA

Tapestries of sight
and sound
The lovely springtime
weaves,
With crystal beads of
birdsong strews
The lacy
green of
leaves.



RELATIVITY

Life extends on either
side
Much farther than the
eye can see —
How strange that I
should concentrate
So wholly on
what comes
to me!

SERENITY

Clothes and houses
hold our lives
And often we're so
blind
We never see that
life itself
Unfolds within
the mind.

STATEMENTS

Neat and orderly
am I —
I clean my desk out
now and then
And gaze on piles of
notes and bills
And throw them all
back in
again.

THOUGHT

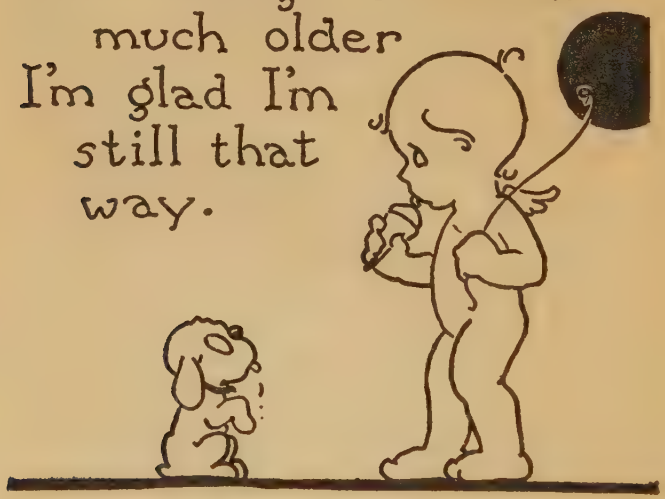
My life goes on within
my mind
So I can take what
each day brings
Unhurt, when I can
realize
That life itself
is thought,
not things.

WORRIES

Little worries swarm
like gnats
And cloud the
brightest day—
And yet the wind of
common sense
Could sweep them
all away.

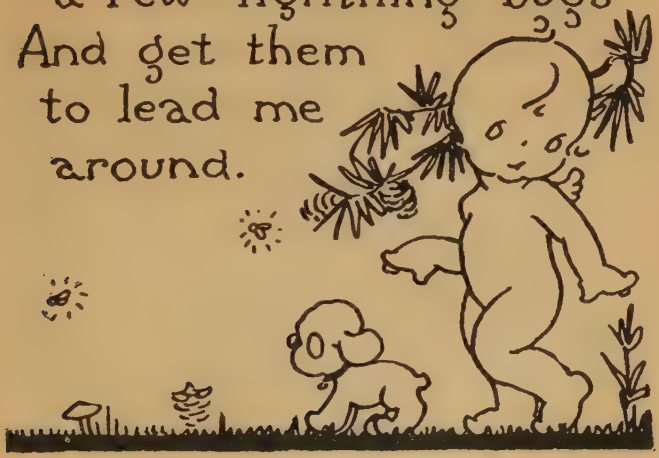
AGELESS

I used to be quite
foolish
When I was young
and gay,
And though I'm now
much older
I'm glad I'm
still that
way.



BUGS

I love to be out in the
woods at night
But the wind makes
a spooky sound —
I wish I could tame
a few lightning bugs
And get them
to lead me
around.



CHIRPS

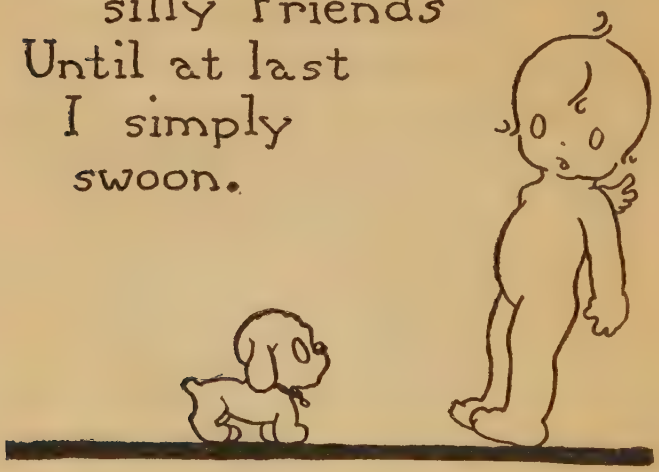
The earth is glad all
summer long—
It sings a never-ending
song,
With locusts, bees and
murmuring trees,
To which I add such
chirps as
these.

CONSCIENCE

Although I've quite
enjoyed my sins
They bother me at
times —
Oh, how I wish that
I might have
The courage
of my
crimes!

DUMB

I hate to go for dusty
rides
On every Sunday
afternoon
And have to talk to
silly friends
Until at last
I simply
swoon.



EQUALITY

When the president
goes fishing
Do mosquitoes bite
him too
With no more
consideration
Than they have for
me or you?

FILM

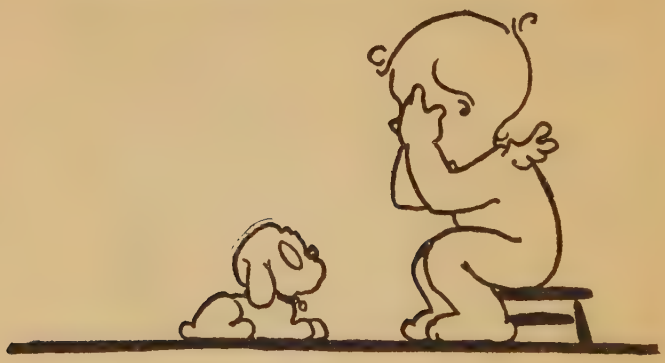
How doth the busy
tourist
Go flitting 'round so
fast
Procuring blurry
snapshots
Of the wonders
of the past?

FORMALITY

Why can't we introduce
ourselves
To people on the
street?
I know I pass a lot
of friends
I'll never get
to meet.

GRIEF

Though present sorrow
feels as if
Forever it will last
How foolish, brief and
small our woes
Appear when they
are past!



HONESTY

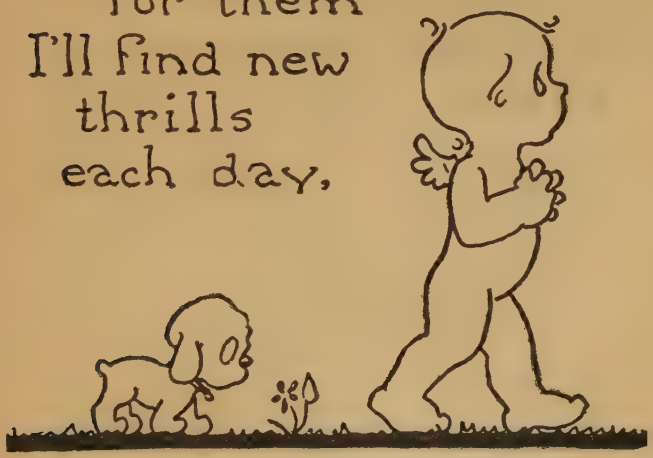
Oh, why did I in loud
firm tones
Just when the room
grew still
Say, "Don't you hate
dull teas like this?
They almost
make me
ill!"

INSOMNIA

I cannot go to
sleep.
I'm never rested
fully —
I count so many
sheep
My mind is getting
wooly.

LONGING

It's foolish to be
longing
For adventures far
away —
For if I'm ready
for them
I'll find new
thrills
each day.



MISCAST

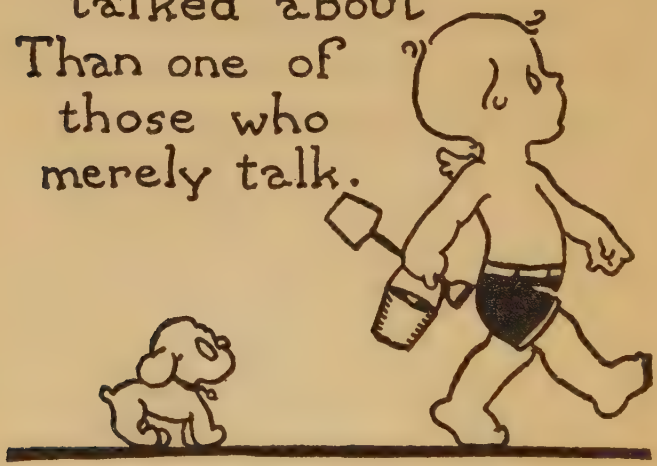
If all the world is
just a stage
I'd like to wear a
royal gown
And have the spotlight
follow me ——
But Fate has cast me
for a
clown.

PLAINTIVE

I met a deadly
bore today.
I thought I'd never
get away.
You wouldn't hear
this loud complaining
If she had found me
entertaining.

PUBLICITY

Gossip shall not cramp
my life.
Boldly through the
world I'll walk —
I'd rather far be
talked about
Than one of
those who
merely talk.

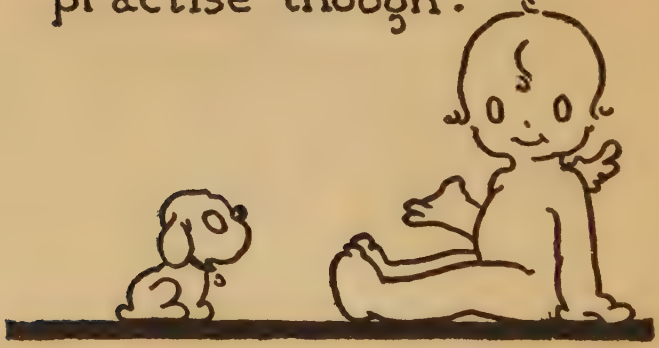


RELIEF

After thunder storms
are done
All the world seems
fresh and glad.
That's the way I
sometimes feel
After getting
good and
mad.

SERMONS

I think uplifting
thoughts at times
And straightway put
them into rhymes—
It's much more difficult
I know
To put them into
practise though.



STICKTOITIVENESS

A clever idea's like a
snowball, I think.
Push it, it surely
will grow.
But nothing will come of
the weightiest thought
If you think it and
let it go.

THRIFT

I'll never work too
long or hard —
I think it would be
funny
Since life is worth
so much to me
To spend it all for
money.

WORSHIP

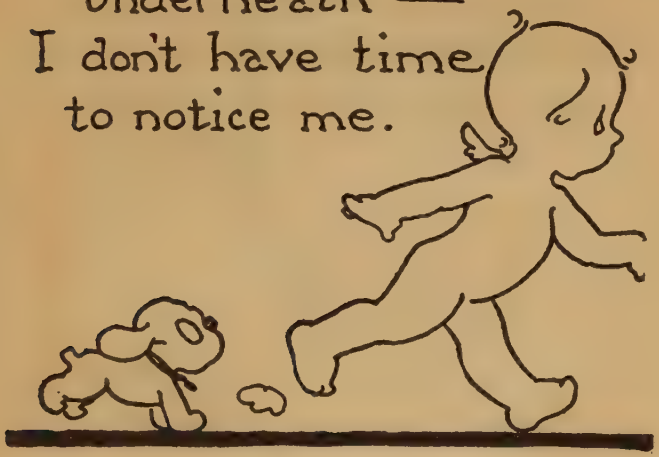
In my mind there
dwells a hero,
Brave and wise and
fair to see —
No one in the world
would know him
Or could guess that
he is me.

AIR FIEND

I lie awake at dawn
and think
How sad it is all over
town
Lie other freezing
souls like me
Who have to put the
window down.

ATTENTION

I crowd the surface of
my life
With all the things I
do and see,
And so I'm lonely
underneath —
I don't have time
to notice me.

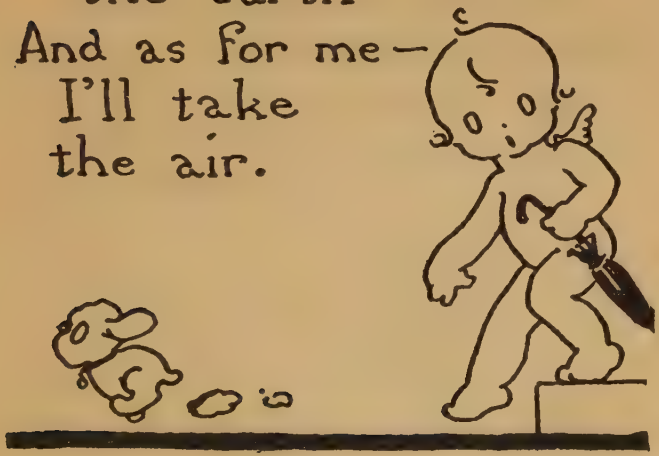


BUSY LIFE

Among the clothes and
calls and cards
That clutter up my
days
I feel I'm somehow
losing life —
I wonder if
it pays.

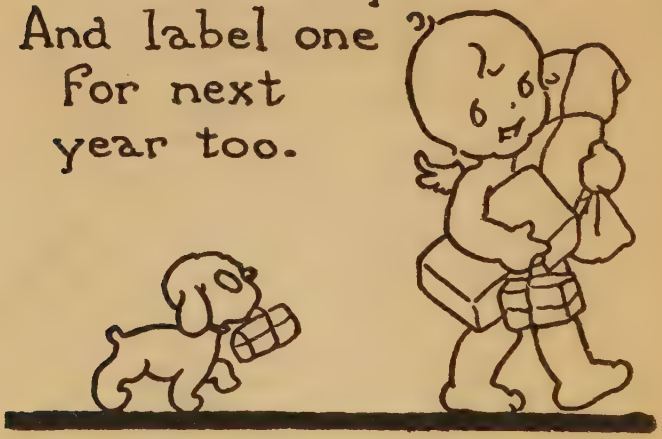
AVIATION

I think I'll learn to
aviate —
There's so much traffic
everywhere
I'll simply let it have
the earth
And as for me —
I'll take
the air.



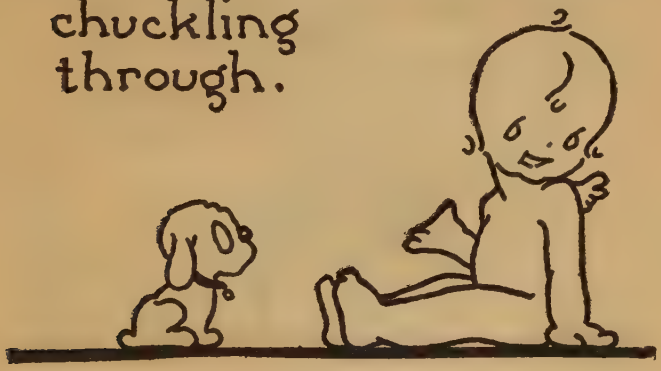
CHRISTMAS SHOPPING

Well, since I'm always
late with shopping
At last I've thought
of what to do —
This year I'll buy each
friend two presents
And label one
For next
year too.



CONSOLATION

Trouble cannot keep
me down —
When life seems all
a deep, dark blue
I know a little secret
spring
Of joy will soon come
chuckling
through.



ESCAPE

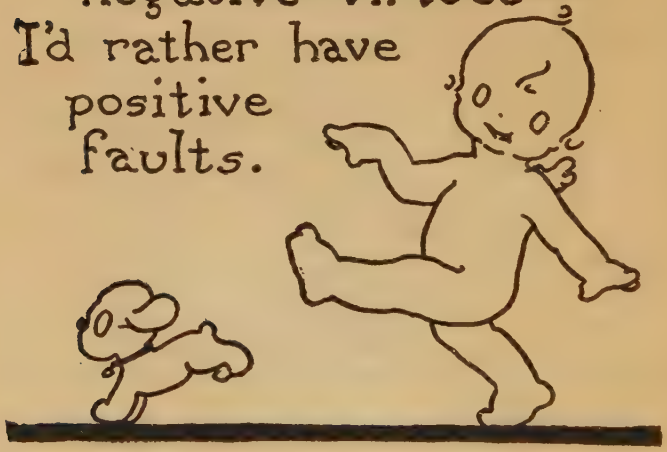
The letters and the
calls I owe
Have filled me so
with shame
To some far land
I'll have to go
And hide
and change
my name.

FINITE

The world is much too
large for me.
I wish that it were
small —
I hate to think I'll
have to leave
Before I see
it all.

FREEDOM

I make new mistakes
every hour
As down my life's
pathway I waltz,
But I won't have just
negative virtues—
I'd rather have
positive
faults.



HOURGLASS

I ought to make the
most of time
And gather days in
fruitful sheaves —
The unused minutes of
my life
Just drop away like
withered leaves.

INTENTIONS

The noblest of impulses
spring from my heart.
That I'm helpful and kind
there is never a doubt.
My plans are all made
for the good of the race,
But I find it's a
bother to
carry them out.

LOSS

I can't abide people
who borrow from me
And never remember
the debt.
It isn't the principle
of the thing—
It's the money that
I regret.

MISER

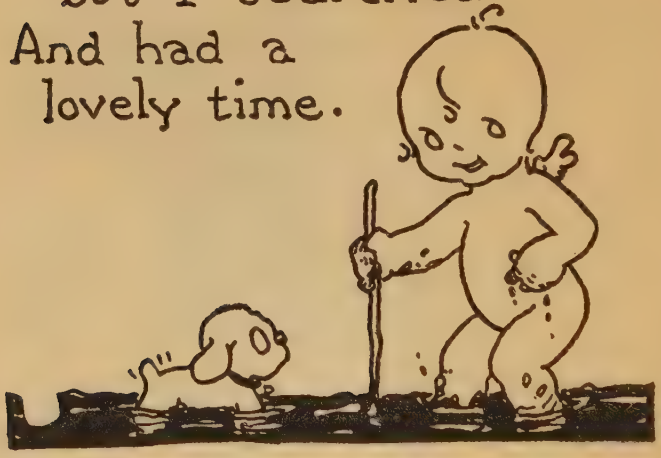
On just one precious
thing
Not all my love
must fall,
For if I spread it
out
I cannot lose it
all.

PLANETS

When stars fill the sky,
Shining steadfast
and far,
How lovely to think
That we live on
a star!

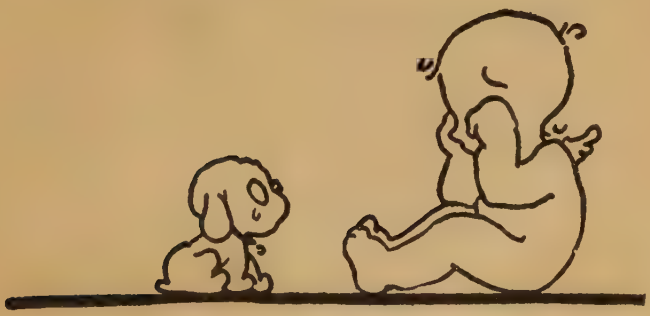
PUDDLES

In deep and almost
liquid mud
I dropped my only
dime.
I didn't find it —
but I searched
And had a
lovely time.



REMORSE

It's not the wicked
life I've lived
That makes me shed
this tear —
It's all the life I've
simply lost
Through laziness
or fear.

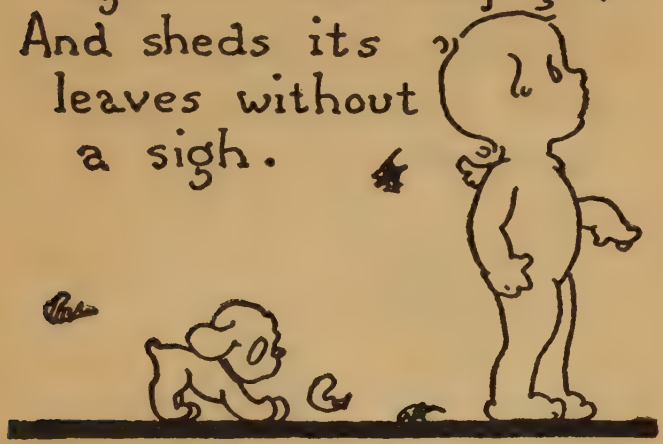


SERVICE

We demand perfect
service wherever we go.
We're enraged at the
slightest neglect—
But consider the poor
human race as it is
And it seems
quite a lot
to expect.

STOIC

I wish when losses
came to me
I bore them calmly,
like a tree
That stands up proud
against the sky
And sheds its
leaves without
a sigh.



TIME-OUT-OF-MIND

These times are out of
joint, they cry.
The good old days
were best they say.
And maybe even you
and I
In fifty years
will talk
that way.

WRINKLES

My mind has held a
million thoughts.
They pass and seem
to leave no trace—
Yet by degrees, as
years go by,
They write a story
on my face.

AUDIENCE

It worries me when I
have talked,
Expanding views both
long and wise,
To see that hunted,
glassy look
Steal slowly o'er my
hearer's eyes.

ALIEN

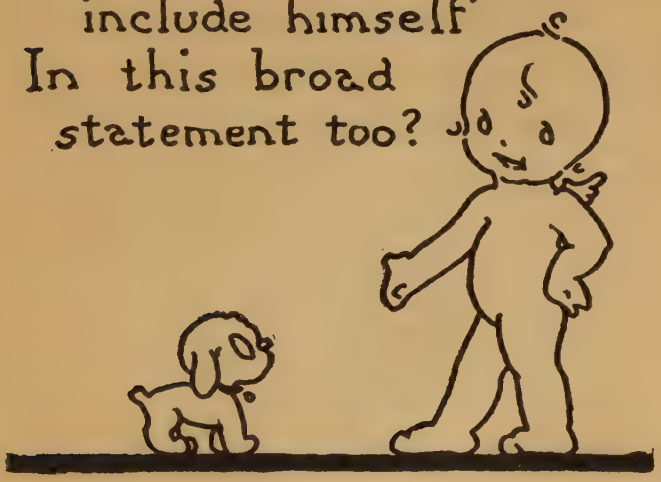
I feel a stranger on
this earth
Surprised at everything
I see —
I'm sure that somewhere
in the sky
Another world
was meant
for me.

CONVERSATION

Although to talk about
myself
I always madly
yearn
I'm not as bad as
some— at least
I give my friends
their turn.

CYNIC

The cynic says the
world's a sham,
That nothing's good or
true.
And does he then
include himself
In this broad
statement too?



ETIQUETTE

I love hotels, complex
and vast.
Each year they're
grander than the last.
I wish they had
instructors though—
I miss a lot
of tricks
I know.

FLATTERY

I thrive on admiration.
It stimulates my
mind—
We all might be
more brilliant
If everyone
were kind.

FREE LOVE

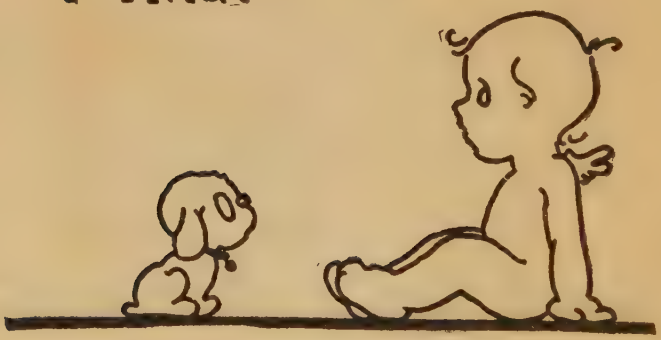
Love hurt my heart
until I saw
It never could be
owned by me,
But when I freely
gave my love
I found it set
my own heart
free.

HOUSECLEANING

At intervals I clean my
bureau drawers
And treasures long mis-
laid I always find—
I might discover precious
thoughts like that
By clearing old
confusions
from my
mind.

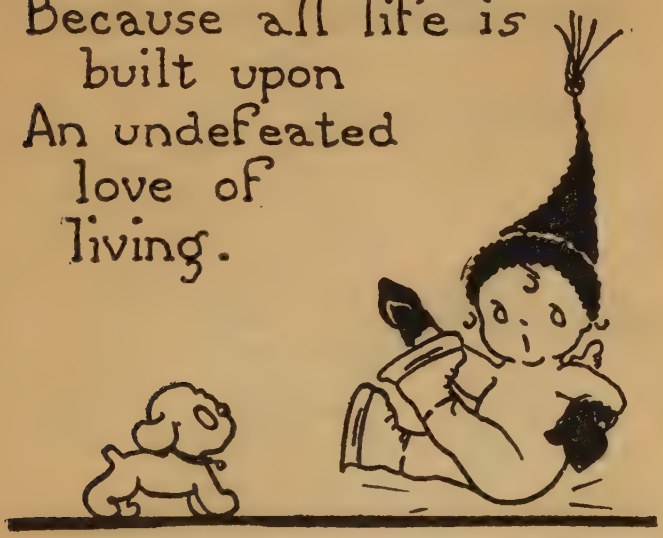
INTROSPECTION

I ought to trace my
motives
To the bottom of
my mind —
It's good for me, but
often
It's embarrassing,
I find.



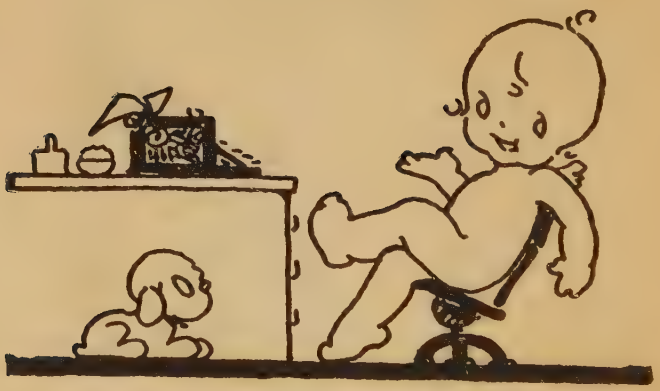
LOVINGKINDNESS

Though fate may seem
to be unkind
There's nothing that is
past forgiving
Because all life is
built upon
An undefeated
love of
living.



MODESTY

I only want payment
For doing my task—
And wealth, fame
and beauty
Are all that I ask.

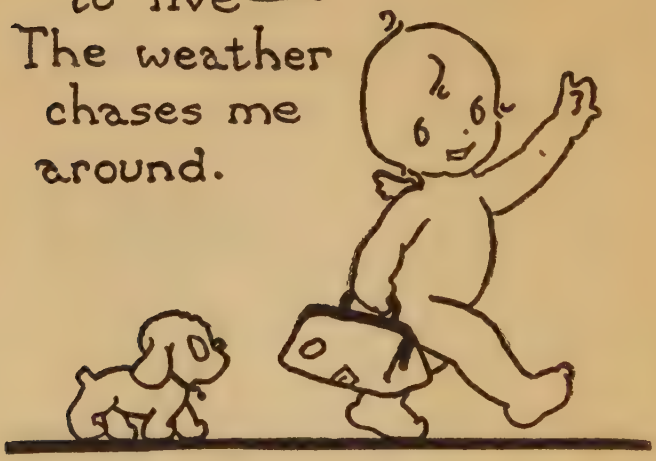


PLANETARY THOUGHT

Clear and far shines
a star,
A lovely steadfast
light—
Perhaps our world is
shining too
In some star-dweller's
sight.

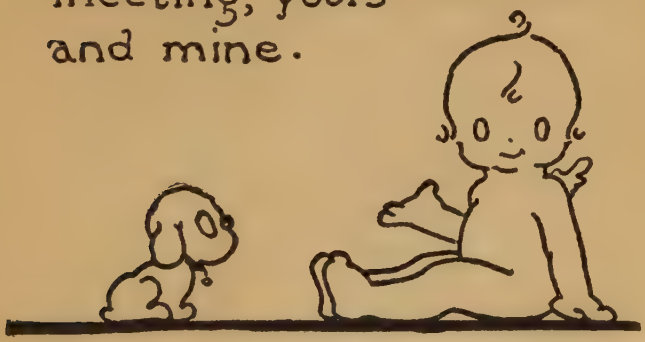
PURSUIT

I must go north in
summer time.
In winter for the
south I'm bound.
I cannot settle down
to live—
The weather
chases me
around.



RENDEZVOUS

Reader, far away from
me,
Whom I'll never know
or see,
It's strange through
just this printed line
Our thoughts are
meeting, yours
and mine.

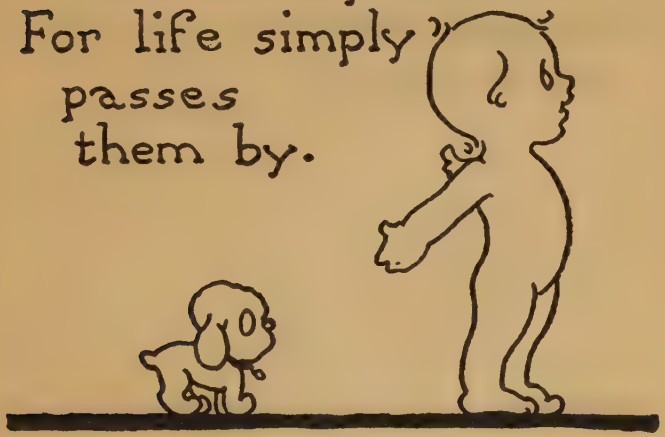


SHAME

Though kind and proper
I appear
It often gives me
quite a jar
To look beneath my
gentle acts
And fathom what my
motives are!

STRENGTH

Life cannot hurt the
adventurous soul
Who meets it with
head proudly high.
Only the timid are
beaten by fate
For life simply
passes
them by.

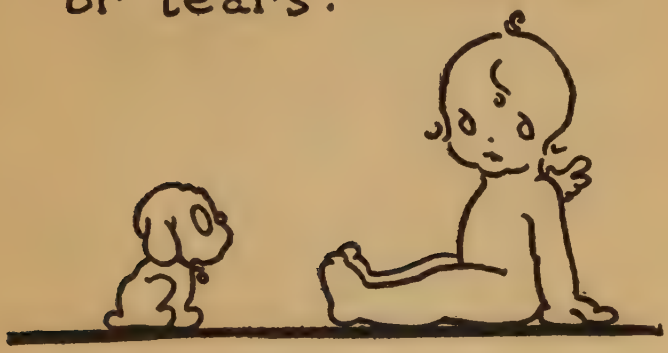


TOLERANCE

In youth I was all for
reforming the world,
But now I've more
tolerant grown
I seem to prefer it the
way that it is —
I'm glad that I
let it alone!

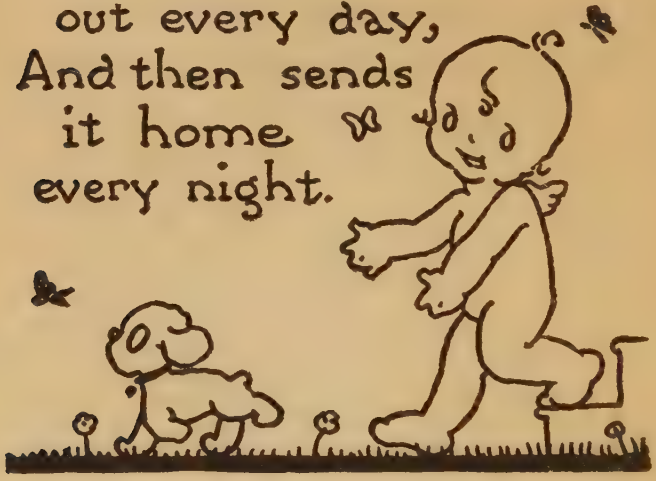
ALOOF

The ancient sphynxes
calmly sit
Beneath the rain of
years —
So would I like to
take my life,
Unmoved by Time
or tears.



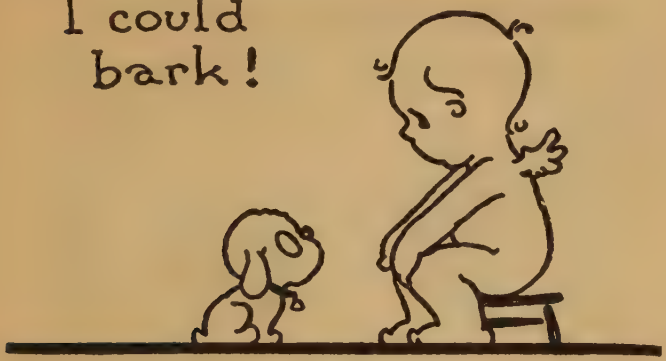
CIRCLES

The moon moves the
tide in the sea,
While the sun with its
strong golden light
Draws the human tide
out every day,
And then sends
it home
every night.



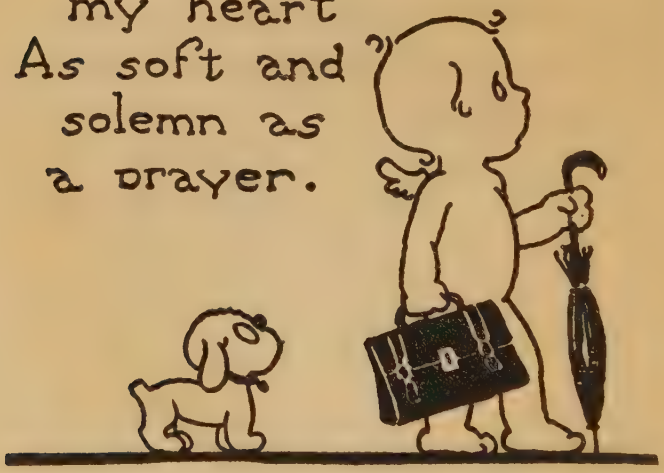
COMPANIONS

I wish my dog could
talk to me.
With thoughts his eyes
are big and dark.
How sociable our days
would be
If he could speak or
I could
bark!



ALTARS

At dusk tall buildings
come to life.
Their windows glow,
now here, now there.
I feel their beauty in
my heart
As soft and
solemn as
a prayer.



COMFORT

Three things I have
for perfect bliss,
No farther need I
look:
An open fire burning
bright,
An apple and
a book.

COPY

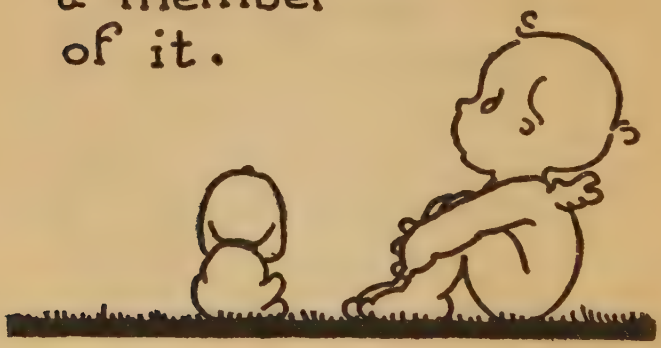
People's faces tell us
tales,
Strange and sad
and funny —
My thoughts fly seeking
them, as bees
Go flying after
honey.

EVANESCENCE

A mood of gladness
comes and goes.
As lightly as a moth
it lingers.
But when I try to
grasp it close
It only dies
within my
fingers.

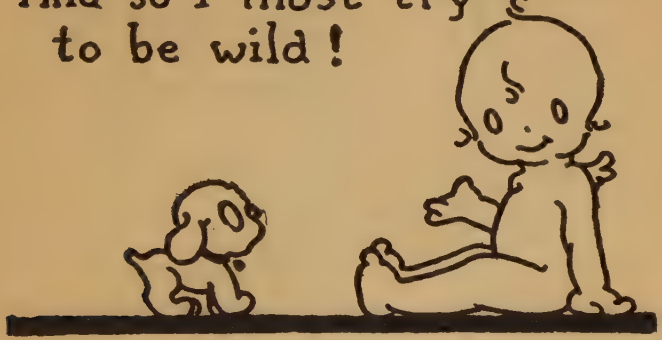
FLIGHT

How marvelous are
men these days.
They leave the earth
and fly above it.
You can't keep down
the human race —
I'm proud to be
a member
of it.



FREUD

I was born a conservative
child.
All my deeds were quite
proper and mild.
But my lack of
transgression
They now call repression-
And so I must try
to be wild!



HUMANITY

The human race
delights me so.
It's silly, but I
love it —
I hardly ever stop
to think
That I'm a member
of it.

INVENTORY

One day I took stock
of my faults —
Such dozens and dozens
I had
I could never be good,
But I easily could
Be perfectly,
dazzlingly
bad.

LUCK

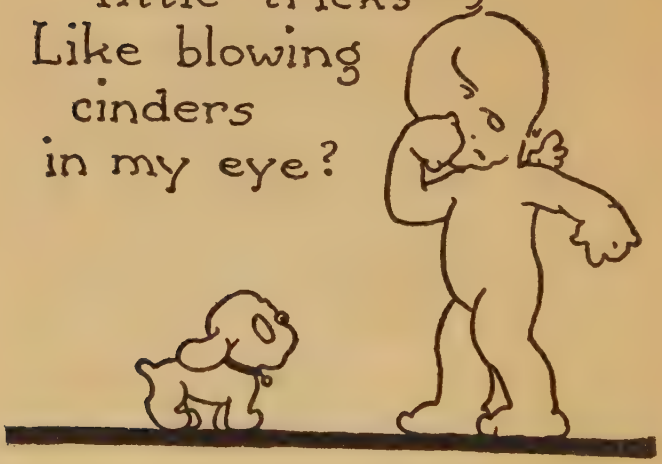
I saw a four-leaf
clover
The which I stooped
to pluck,
And then a rude bee
stung me —
I don't call
that good
luck.

MOTTO

I've made a rule to
win success.
I'll try to keep it in
my heart.
It's something anyone
can do:
Just finish
everything
you start.

CINDERS

The wind can blow a
house away
And lift the ocean
waves on high.
Why will it stoop to
little tricks
Like blowing
cinders
in my eye?



PUZZLES

If I should spend in working
The intellect and care
I use on cross word puzzles
I'd be a millionaire.

REVELATION

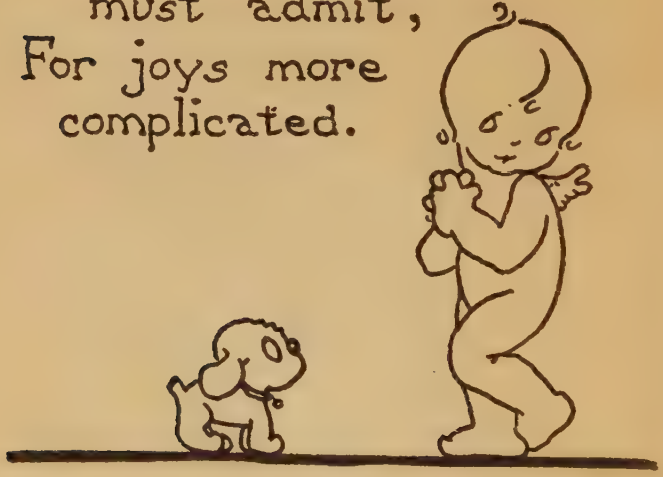
I lose illusions one by
one
And see beneath the
surface glitter;
But though it's sometimes
quite a shock
The truth should
never make
me bitter.

SHOCKING

It's strange that an
earthquake,
Far distant though
shocking,
Disturbs me much
less than
A run in my
stocking!

SUBTLE JOYS

My praise of simple
homely joys
Is sometimes over-
stated —
I often yearn, I
must admit,
For joys more
complicated.

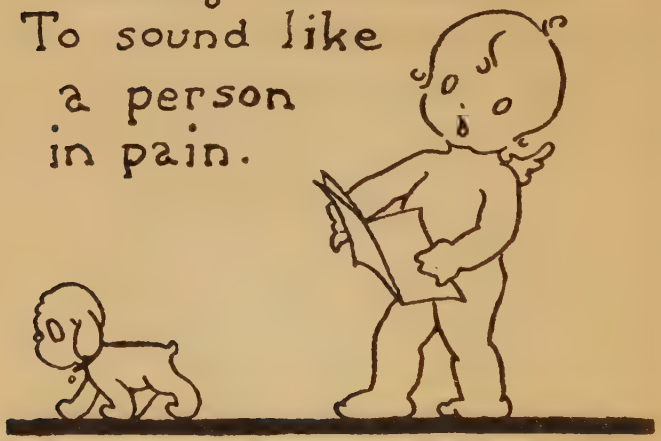


ROLLS-ROYCE PREFERRED

O Fate, if you must
pick on me
Pray heed my
exhortations
And send me woes of
dignity,
Not countless
irritations.

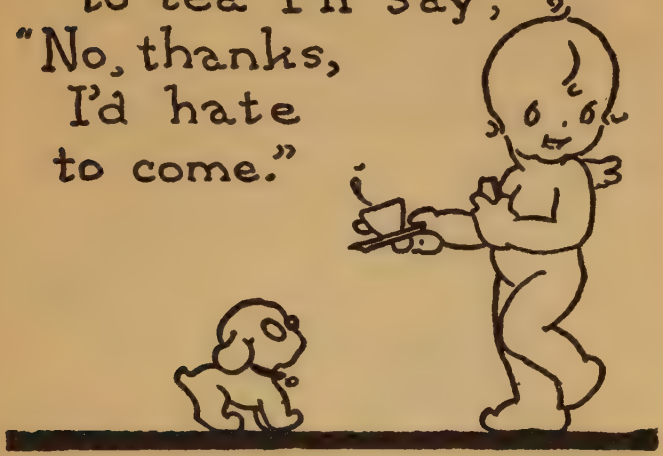
SOLO

I wish I could sing
when I'm happy.
I try but my efforts
are vain —
It's queer when I'm
feeling so blissful
To sound like
a person
in pain.



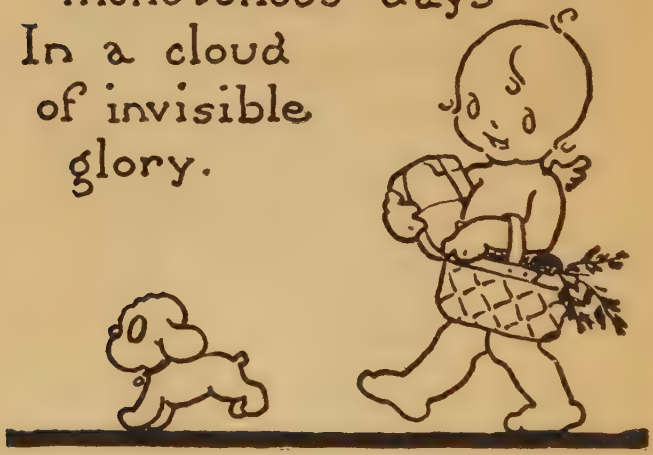
SOCIAL AMENITIES

I've told my last
polite white lie.
My pleasant smile
is numb.
When next I'm asked
to tea I'll say,
"No, thanks,
I'd hate
to come."



ROMANCE

I wonder if everyone
else
Sees his life as a
marvelous story,
And walks through
monotonous days
In a cloud
of invisible
glory.

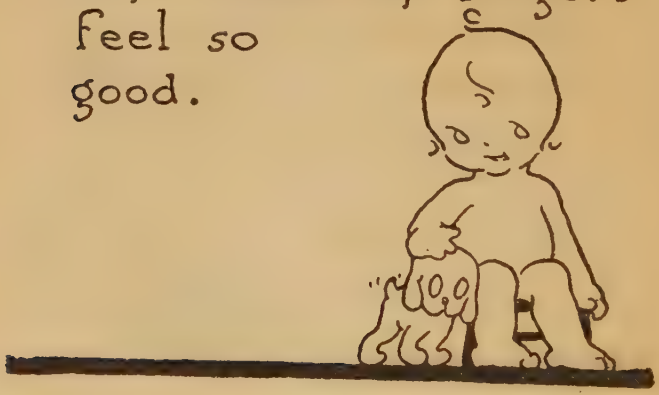


ROUND TRIP

I'm sorry that the
world is round—
It sometimes makes me
sad at heart
To think my longest
journey here
Will bring me
back to
where I
start.

TOUCH

I like the surfaces of
things,
Of leather, fur and
polished wood——
Although it's just a
minor joy
They make my fingers
feel so
good.



ANTIQUES

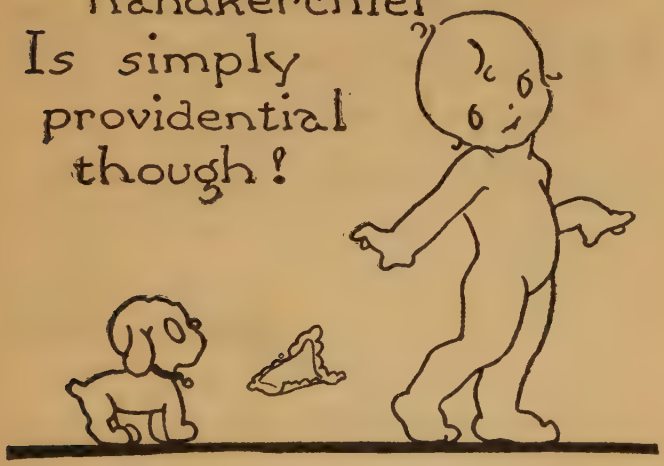
Antique furniture at
home
Wealth as well as
taste denotes—
Would that I could
start a fad
For wearing
antique
overcoats!

CLEVERNESS

Sometimes I feel a
little bored
By writers who are
merely clever
But when I spring
a clever thing
I simply cherish it
forever.

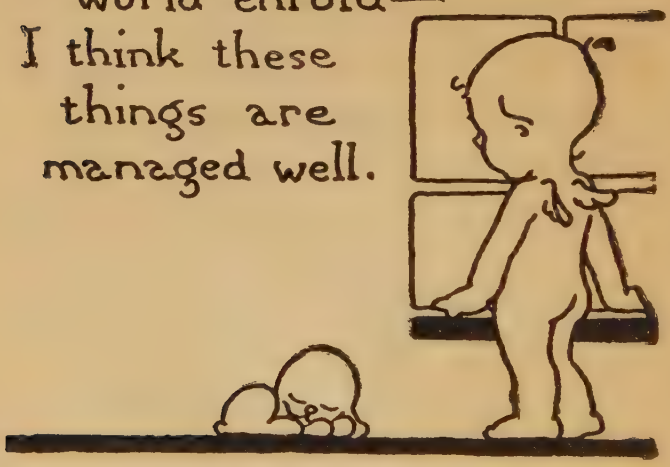
COQUETTE

Of course I never
really flirt.
It isn't ladylike I
know.
The way I drop my
handkerchief
Is simply
providential
though!



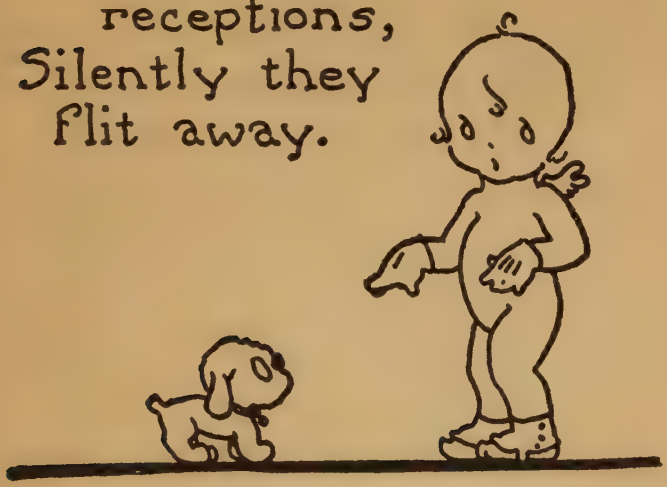
EVENING

The sun sets in a
flame of gold,
The pale moon casts a
lovely spell,
And sleep and rest the
world enfold—
I think these
things are
managed well.



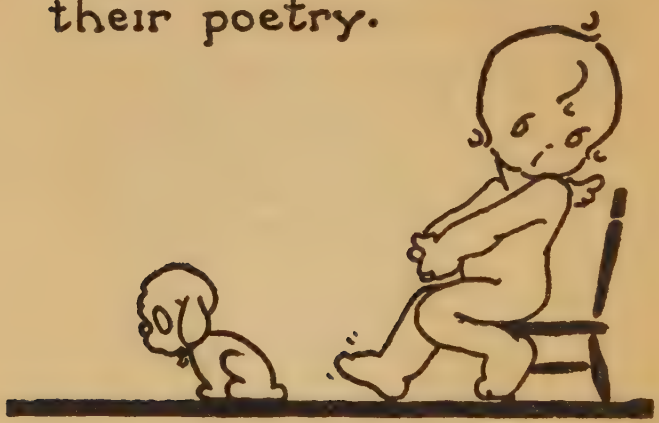
FLITTERMOUSE

Though words have filled
my mind with music,
Made my lonely hours
gay,
When I want them, at
receptions,
Silently they
flit away.



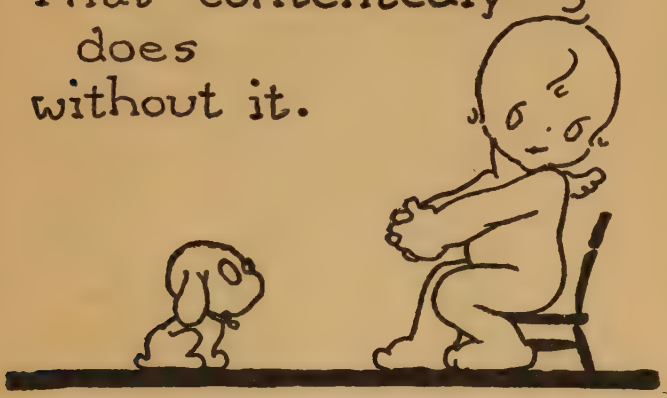
FRIENDLY POETS

I don't know any agony
That ever seems as
great to me
As hearing poets
whom I know
Get up and read
their poetry.



HUMBLENESS

More than I long for
wealth
(And I've never been
one to flout it)
Do I long for the kind
of soul
That contentedly
does
without it.



IRRITATION

I argue, argue constantly,
With countless words
assert my will,
Yet anyone can
baffle me
By calmly, wisely
keeping still.

MUDDLE

When problems come
and worry me
I nearly always
find
The muddle isn't in
the facts
So much as in
my mind.

POET'S DREAM

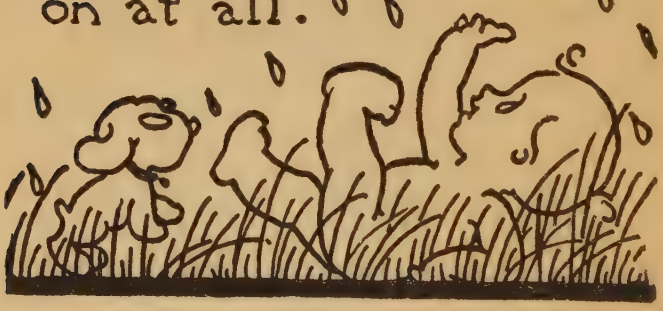
Not more pathetic is
the bud
Untimely nipped by
March's blight
Than youthful poets'
tender verse
That never blooms
in black
and white.

REVENGE

Tomorrow I'll get
even
With all those friends
so dear
Who gave me gilded
shoe trees.
And things
like that
last year.

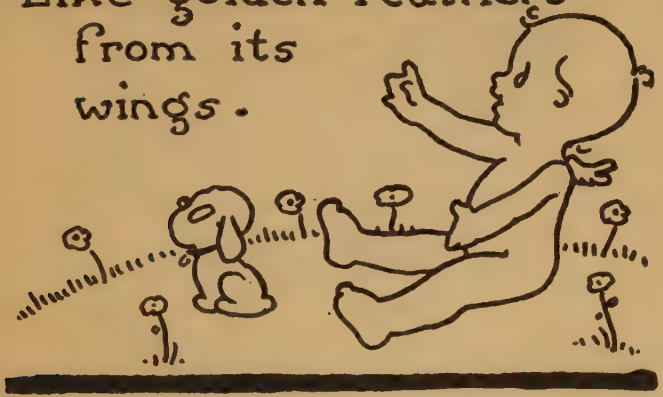
SHOWERS

I long to run through
the summer rain,
To lift my face when
the big drops fall
And lie and laugh in
the cool wet grass
With hardly
anything
on at all.



SUMMER

The summer sun is like
a bird —
Around the spacious
sky it swings,
And down float light
and shining days
Like golden feathers
from its
wings.



TROUBLES

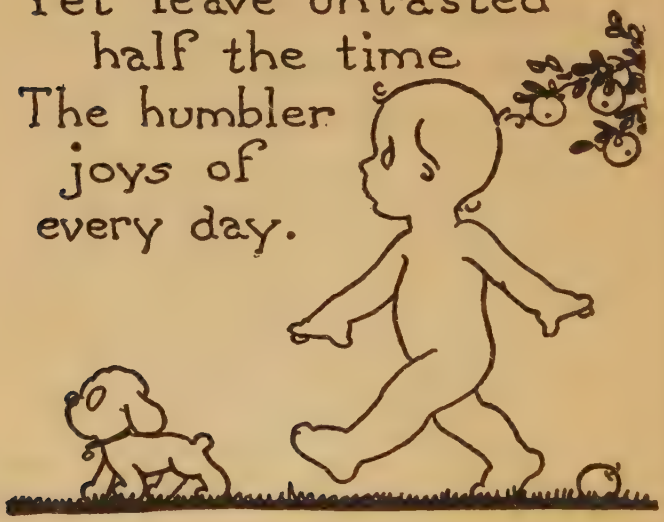
Trouble brings us
close to life.
We're stronger for the
woes we bear —
I really think I pity
those
Who never have a
single care.

SUPPRESSION

The sharp retort I
didn't say
Has lightened some
one's load.
I must be gentle
every day —
At least,
till I
explode!

APPETITE

My appetite for life is
large.
I want adventures
far away,
Yet leave untasted
half the time
The humbler
joys of
every day.



CLIMBING

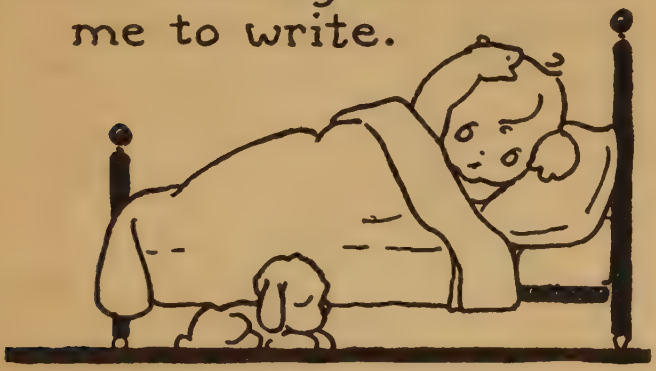
To climb a mountain
to the sky
Is easier for me
Than struggling from
the way I am
To how I
want to be.

COMMUNION

Now the air is blue
and golden,
Shimmering and warm
with sun.
I can take deep
breaths of summer—
Sun and earth
and I
are one.

CORRESPONDENCE

The guilt of not
answering letters
Weighs down on my
conscience at night.
I suffer and groan in
the silence
But nothing can force
me to write.



EVOLUTION

To complain because
life isn't perfect
Seems captious and
petty of soul —
When you think the
world started with chaos
It did pretty well
on the whole.

FOLKS

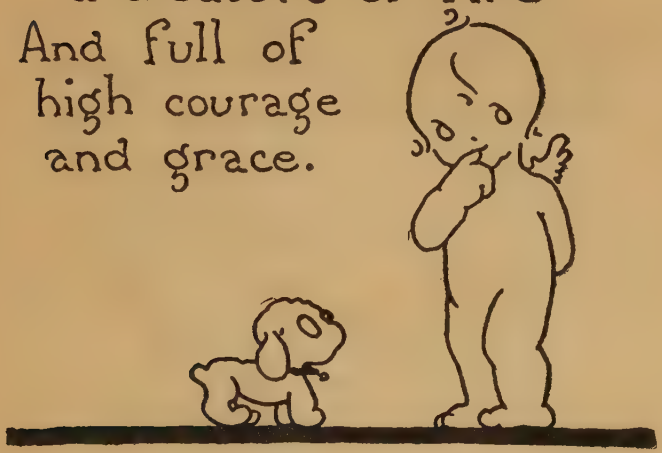
People sad or mad or
glad,
People wild or tame,
Looked at from a
mountain top
Seem about the
same.

FULL MEASURE

I'd gladly labor
underpaid
(Although I'm not, I
must admit)
But should I feel I'm
underpraised
You'd never hear
the last
of it.

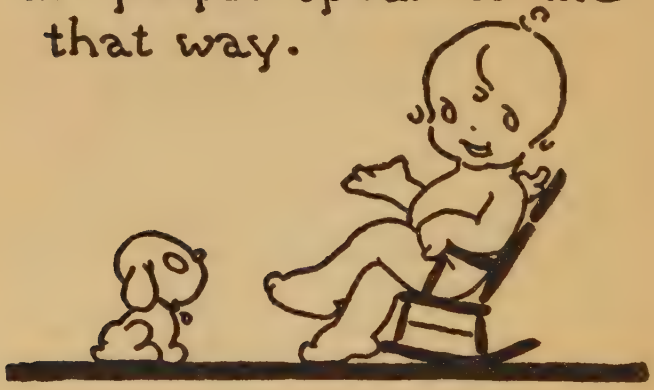
HUMILITY

No one would guess from
my humble attire
And plain, ineffectual
face
That really within I'm
a creature of fire
And full of
high courage
and grace.



POINT OF VIEW

Sometimes in light and
idle chatter
A careless unkind
word I say —
And yet it seems a
serious matter
If people speak of me
that way.



REWARD

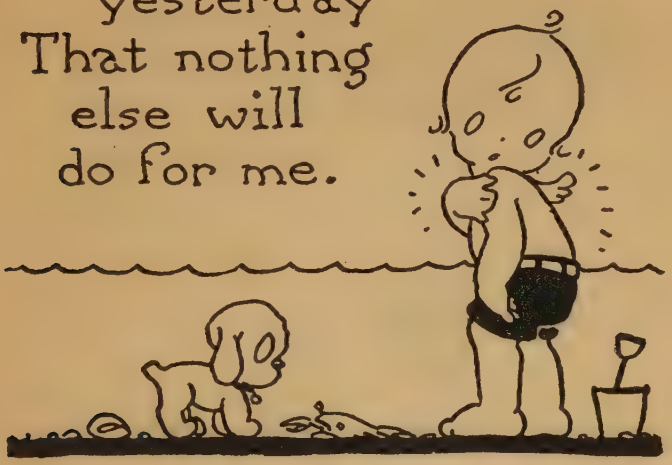
Never ask for joy.
Do the day's small
task
The very best you
can —
Joy will come
unasked.

SILENT MUSIC

Unhurried, soft, the
soundless snow
Falls gently to the
frozen ground—
Such perfect stillness
sometimes seems
More musical
than any
sound.

SUN BATH

I dream of garments
soft as mist
And light as moonbeams
on the sea——
I got so sunburned
yesterday
That nothing
else will
do for me.



SWEET TEA

I hate those sweetly
simpering moods
That just possess me
at a tea —
I feel that helplessly
I act
Like some one else
burlesquing me.

TWILIGHT

Twilight is the lovely
time
When light and darkness
meet
As joy and sorrow
often touch
In one mood
strange
and sweet.

APPLAUSE

If the art of the
drama is poor
I'm a minor contributing
factor —
I clap at the worst
acts the most
I sympathize so with
the actor.

CLOCKS

I'd like to throw away
the clocks
That chop to minutes
all our days —
I'd rather tell the time
by meals
Or sun or such-like
sweeping ways.

COSTUME

I long to dress with
care and taste —
Alas, I always lose
my mind
And when I enter
any shop
I act both
wild and
color-blind!

EXCHANGE

Though some would
welcome gifts like these
To me they seem both
wild and strange—
It might be quite a
public boon
To start a
Christmas
Gift Exchange.

FOLLY

Trust the joys life
gives to you.
Examine not the gift.
To analyze and test
each mood
Is mean, mistaken
thrift.

FUNDAMENTALIST

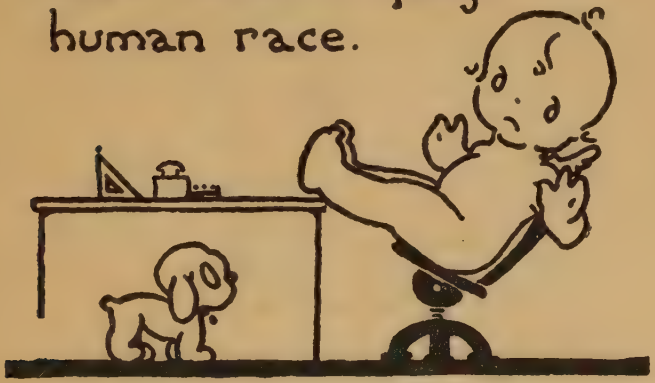
"The world is all ahead
of you,"
My teachers used
to say —
And though I've grown
much older now
It seems
to stay
that way.

POOR FISH

Fish seem so
indignant
With rude, unseeing
stare —
I'm glad they live in
water
And not just
everywhere.

POWER

I'd love to be a
traffic cop
And tell the world to
go or stop,
Or in an office boy's
proud place
Take down a peg the
human race.



RIPE

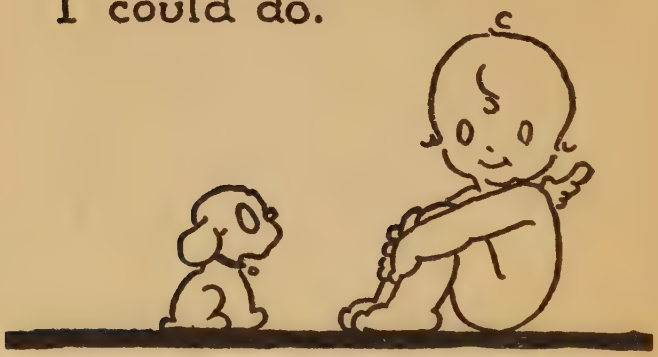
The joys of youth
may leave me.
I'll worry not at all.
For though I like
the summer
My favorite time
is fall.

SILVER LINING

It's never wise to
wail too soon.
Misfortunes always
end——
The day that brought
my deepest woe
Brought too my
truest friend.

SPITE

When friends accuse
me of my crimes
I candidly confess
they're true —
For this exasperates
them more
Than anything that
I could do.

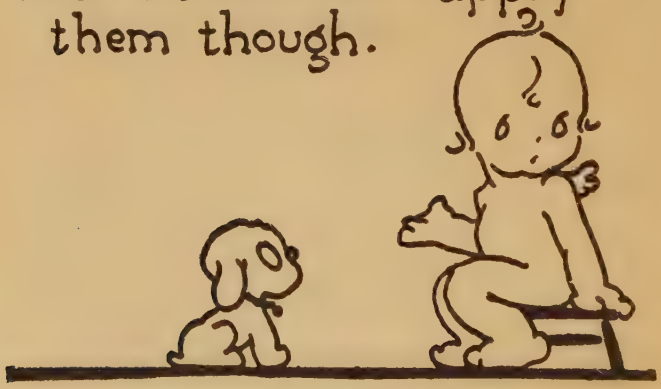


SYMPHONY

Each little bug so
unconcerned
Contributes chirpingly
his song
To make that vast
and cheerful sound
That sweeps the earth
all summer long.

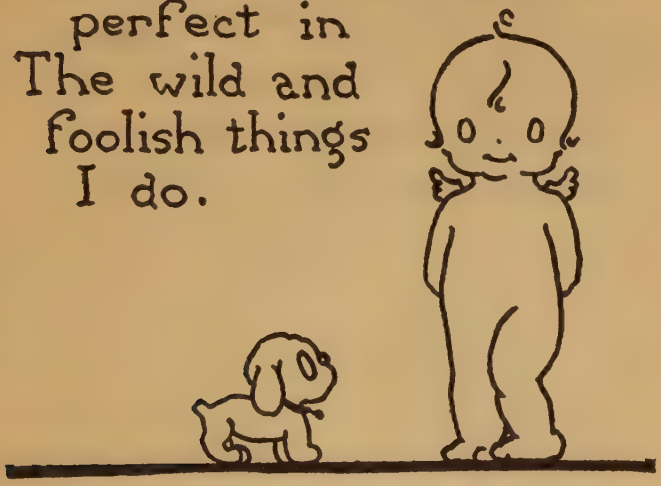
APPLICATION

Such grand and noble
thoughts on life
And how we ought to
live and grow
I write in great
profusion here —
It's harder to apply
them though.



CLOWN

We learn from our
mistakes they say
And I'm a living proof
it's true —
Each year I'm nearer
perfect in
The wild and
foolish things
I do.

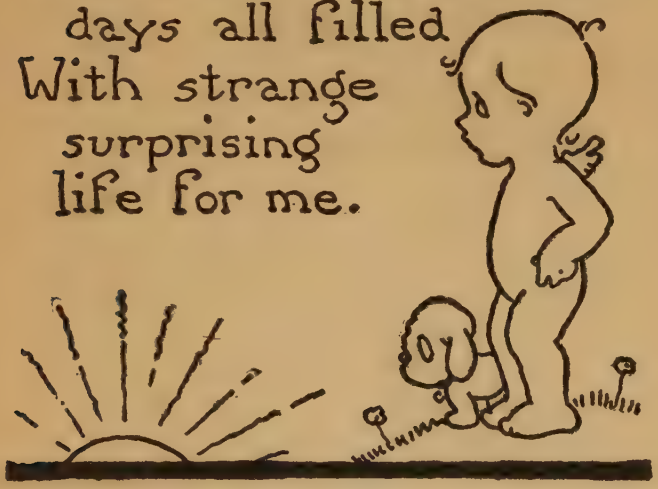


COURAGE

Only the weak will
try to cling
Too long to any
passing thing —
The strongest man is
he who stands
And lets life
run through
open hands.

EXPECTATION

Standing on the edge
of time
I love to look ahead
and see
The rows of fresh new
days all filled
With strange
surprising
life for me.



POSE

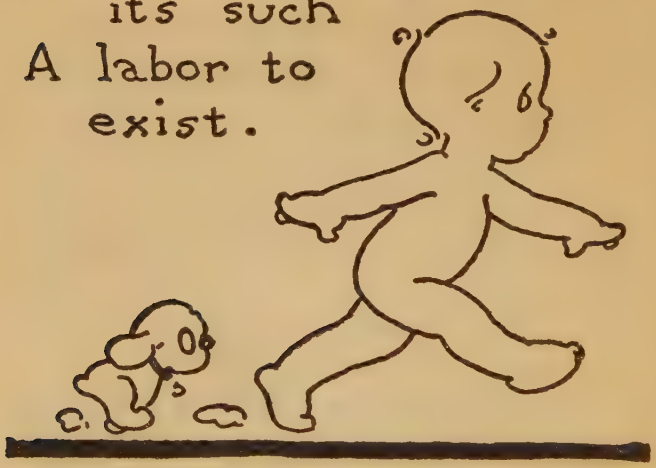
It's not to gain some
lofty end
I heed ambition's
call —
It's just to show the
world, alas,
I labor,
if at all.

ROADWAYS

When cold and dismal
is the dawn
And days are dark
and drear
I like to think of all
the roads
That lead away
from here.

ROUTINE

Of washing, dressing,
work and meals
My frantic days
consist.
I hardly live at all —
it's such
A labor to
exist.



SLEEP

I watch my little
dog asleep—
It certainly seems
queer
How strange and distant
sleep can make
Even the one most
dear.

SOUTH WIND

Trees are lovely in a
breeze.
They make a soft
contented sound,
And gracefully their
moving limbs
Toss flakes of
shadow on
the ground.

SUNDAY BLUES

I can spend six days
a week
In solitude and never
moan,
But Sunday evening
is a time
When no one ought to
be alone.

APRIL

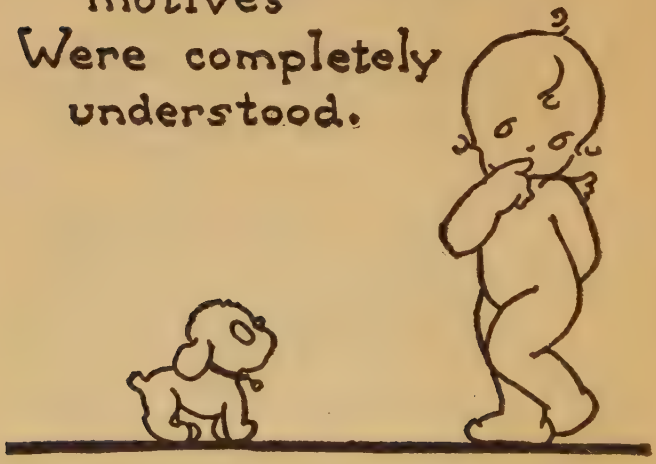
I love a day all green
and grey
And musical with
showers —
Along the ground there
sweeps the sound
Of softly laughing
flowers.

COMEDY

That we pursue our
solemn lives
Upon a rolling, spinning
earth
Seems such a funny
thought to me
I simply scream with
helpless mirth.

CRIMINAL

Though my acts at
times look wicked
I am sure that I'd
seem good
If my underlying
motives
Were completely
understood.



EXTRAVAGANCE

I'm all for careful
saving—
I hoard for weeks my
cash
Because I love to
spend it
In a great,
big splash.

POSTMAN

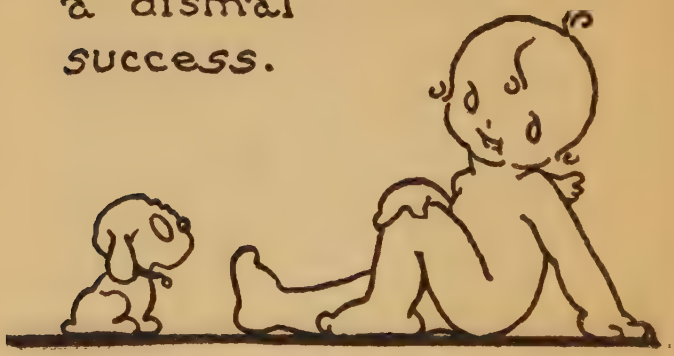
Although I see him
every day
With hope and joy my
poor heart bounds.
And yet I've never
heard his name —
He's just the
postman on
his rounds.

ROGUE

I should be always
good and kind
With heart of gold
and manners nice
But charming people
seem to have
A little wickedness
for spice.

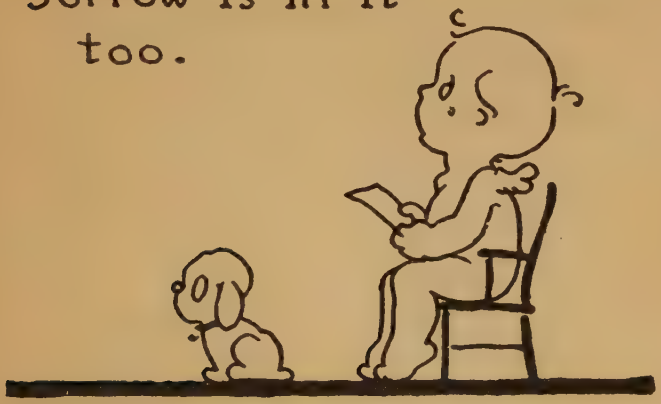
SLOTH

Of course I'd prefer
to be wealthy
But rather than slave
to excess
I'll be just a leisurely
failure
Instead of
a dismal
success.



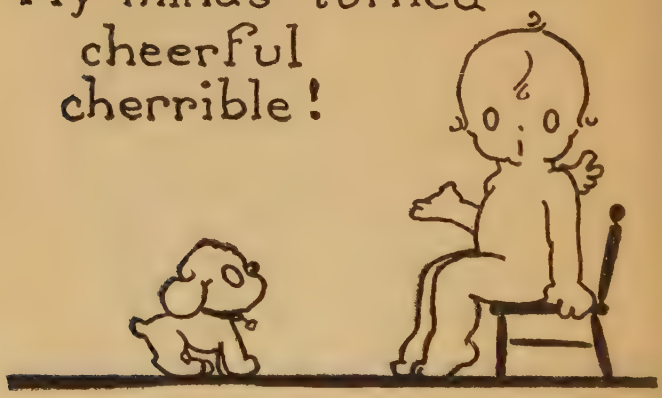
SORROW

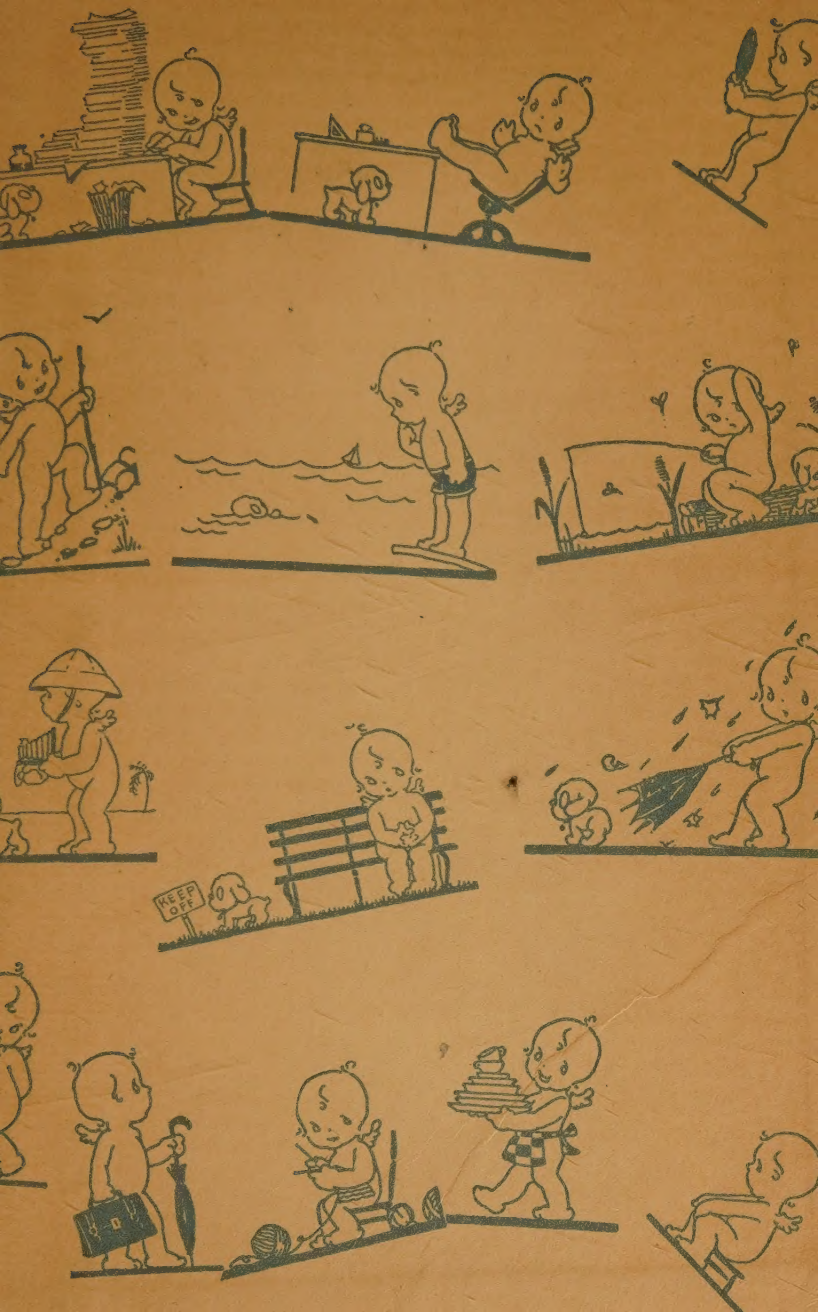
You have to be worthy
of sorrow.
Sorrow is deep and
true.
When life makes a
chord like music
Sorrow is in it
too.



CHERRIBLE

I've been so cheerful
here so long
It's getting simply
terrible.
I think in verses all
the time —
My mind's turned
cheerful
cherrible!




KEEP OFF